THE FOVNTAINE OF SELFE-LOVE.

Or

CYNTHIAS REVELS.

As it hath beene sundry times *priuately acted in the* Black-Friers *by the* Children *of her Maiesties Chappell.*

Written by BEN: IOHNSON.

Quod non dant Proceres, dabit Histrio.

Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

Imprinted at London for *Walter Burre*, and are to be *solde at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe* of the Flower de-Luce and Crowne. 1601.

The number and names of the Actors.

1. Cynthia.

2. Mercury. 3. Cupid.

4. Hesperus. 5. Echo.

6. Criticus. 7. Arete.

8. Amorphus. 9. Phantaste.

10. Asotus. 11. Argurion.

12. Hedon. 13. Philautia.

14. Anaides. 15. Moria.

16. Prosaites. 17. Cos.

18. Morus. 19. Gelaia.

20. Phronesis.
21. Thauma. } Mutes.
22. TimE.

AD LECTOREM.

Nasutum volo, nolo polyposum.

Præludium.

Enter three of the *Children*.

1. PRay you away; Why Children? Gods so! What doe you meane?
2. Mary that you shall not speake the Prologue Sir.
3. Why? do you hope to speake it?
2. I, & I thinke I haue most right to it; I am sure I studied it first.
3. Thats all one, if the Author thinke I can speake it better.
1. I plead possession of the Cloake: Gentles, your suffrages for Gods sake.

Why Children, are you not ashamd? come in there. {Within.

3. 'Slid, I le play nothing i' the Play: vnlesse I speake it.
1. Why? will you stand to most voyces of the Gentlemen? let that decide it.
3. O no Sir Gallant; you presume to haue the start of vs there, and that makes you offer so bountifully.
1. No, would I were whipt, if I had any such thought; trye it by Lots eyther.
2. Faith, I dare tempt my Fortune in a greater venter then this.
3. Well said resolute Iack: I am Content too; so we draw first. make the Cuts.
1. But will you not snatch my Cloake while I am stooping?

3. *No, we scorne trechery.*

2. *Which Cut shall speake it?*

3. *The shortest.*

1. *Agreed: Draw.* —— *The shortest is come to the shortest.* Fortune *was not altogether blind in this: Now* Children, *I hope I shall goforward without your Enuy.*

2. *A spight of all mischeiuous lucke: I was once plucking at the other.*

3. *Stay Iacke: 'Slid Ile do somewhat now afore I goe in, though it be nothing but to reuenge my selfe of the* Author; *since I speake not his* Prologue. *Ile goe tell all the Argument of his* Play *aforehand, and so stale his* Inuention *to the* Auditory *before it come foorth.*

1. *O do not so.*
2. *By no meanes.*

{ At the breaches in this speech following, the other two Boyes interrupt him.

3. *First the Title of his* Play *is* CYNTHIAS Reuels, *as any man (that hath hope to be sau'd by his Booke) can witnesse; the* Scene, *GARGAPHIA: which I do vehemently suspect for some Fustian Countrey; but let that vanish. Here is the Court of* Cynthia; *whither he brings* Cupid *(trauailing on foote) resolu'd to turne Page: By the way* Cupid *meetes with* Mercury, *(as that's a thing to be noted, take any of our Play-bookes without a* Cupid, *or a* Mercury *in it, and burne it for an Heretique in Poetry)* — *Pray thee let me alone:* Mercurie, *he, (in the nature of a Coniurer) rayses vp* Echo: *who weepes ouer her Loue, or Daffodill* Narcissus, *a little; sings; curses the Spring wherein the pretty foolish Gentleman melted himselfe away: and ther's an end of her* — *Now, I am to enforme you, that* Cupid, *and* Mercury *do both become Pages:* Cupid *attends on* Philautia, *or* Selfe-loue, *a Court-Lady:* Mercury *followes* Hedon *the* voluptuous *Courtier; one that rankes himselfe euen with* Anaides, *or the* impudent *Gallant,* (*and, that's my part:*) *a Fellow that keepes* * Laughter *the daughter of* * Folly (*a wenche in Boyes attire*) *to wayte on him* — *These, in the Court, meete with* Amorphus, *or the* Deformed, *a Trauailer that hath drunke of the* Fountaine, *and there tels the wonders of the* Water; *they presently dispatch away their Pages with Bottles to fetch of it, and themselues goe to visit the Ladyes: But I should haue told you* — *Looke, these Emets put me out here: that with this* Amorphus, *there comes*

* Gelaia.
* Moria.

along

along a Citizens heire, Asotus, or the Prodigall, who (in Imitation of the Traueller, that hath the *Whetstone, following him) entertaines the *Begger, to be his Attendant.—Now the Nymphes, who are Mistresses, to these Gallants, are Philautia, Selfe-loue; Phantaste, A light Wittinesse; Argurion, Money; and their Guardian, Mother Moria; or Mistresse Folly.——

* Cos.
* Prosaites

2. Pray thee no more.

3. There Cupid strikes Money in loue with the Prodigall; makes her doate vpon him, giue him Iewels, Bracelets, Carkarets, &c. all which (he most ingeniously) departs withall, to be made knowne to the other Ladyes, and Gallants; and in the heate of this, encreases his traine with the *Foole to follow him, as well as the Begger—By this time your Begger begins to waite close, who is return'd with the rest of his fellow Bottle-men—There they all drinke saue Argurion, who is falne into a sodaine Apoplexy—

* Morus.

1. Stop his mouth.

3. And then there's a retir'd *Scholler there, you would not wish a thing to be better contemn'd of a Society of Gallants, then it is: and he applyes his seruice (good Gentleman) to the Lady Arete, or Virtue, a poore Nymph of Cynthias traine, that's scarce able to buy her selfe a Gowne, you shall see her play in a Blacke Roabe anone: A Creature, that (I assure you) is no lesse scorn'd, then himselfe. Where am I now? at a stand?

* Criticus.

2. Come, leaue at last yet.

3. O, the Night is come, ('twas somwhat darke, me thought) and Cynthia intends to come foorth: That helpes it a little yet. All the Courtiers must prouide for Reuels; they conclude vpon a Masque, the deuise of which, is—What will you ranish me? that each of these Vices, beeing to appeare before Cynthia, would seeme other then indeed they are: and therefore assume the most neighbouring Virtues as their masquing Habites—I'ld crye a Rape but that you are Children.

2. Come, weele haue no more of this Anticipation; to giue them the Inuentory of their Cates aforehand, were the discipline of a Tauerne, and not fitting this Presence.

1. *Tut, this was but to shew vs the happinesse of his Memory; I thought at first hee would haue playde the Ignorant* Critique *with euery thing along as hee had gone; I expected some such Deuise.*

3. *O you shall see me do that rarely; lend me thy Cloake.*

1. *Soft Sir, you'le speake my* Prologue *in it?*

3. *No, would I might neuer stirre then.*

2. *Lend it him, lend it him:*

1. *Well, you haue sworne?*

3 *I haue. Now Sir; suppose I am one of your Gentile Auditors, that am come in (hauing paide my money at the Doore with much adoe) and here I take my place, and sit downe: I haue my three sorts of* Tabacco, *in my Pocket, my Light by me; and thus I Begin. By Gods so, I wonder that any man is so madde, to come to see these raskally* Tits *play here—They doe act like so many* Wrens *or* Pismires—*not the fifth part of a good Face amongst them all—And then their* Musique *is abhominable—able to stretch a mans Eares worse, then ten—*Pillories, *and their* Ditties *—most lamentable things, like the pittifull Fellowes that make them—*Poets. *By Gods lid, and 'twere not for* Tabacco *—I thinke—the very stench of 'hem would poyson me, I should not dare to come in at their Gates—A man were better visit fifteene* Iayles *—or a dozen or two of* Hospitals *—then once aduenture to come neare them. How is't? well?*

1. *Excellent; giue me my Cloake.*

3. *Stay; you shall see me do another now: but a more sober, or better-gather'd Gallant; that is (as it may be thought) some* Friend, *or Well-wisher to the House: And here I Enter.*

1. *What? vpon the Stage too?*

2. *Yes: and I step foorth like one of the* Children, *and aske you; Would you haue* Stoole *Sir?*

3. *A* Stoole *Boy?*

2. *I Sir, if you'le giue me* sixe Pence, *I'le fetch you one.*

3 *For what I pray thee? What shall I doe with it?*

2. *O God Sir! will you betraye your Ignorance so much? Why.*

Why, throne your selfe in state on the Stage, *as other Gentlemen vse Sir.*

3. *Away Wag: What wouldst thou make an* Implement *of me? Slid the Boy takes me for a peice of* Prospectiue (*I holde my life*) *or some silke* Curtine, *come to hang the* Stage *here: Sir Cracke I am none of your fresh* Pictures, *that vse to beautifie the decay'd dead* Arras, *in a publique* Theater.

2. *Tis a signe Sir, you put not that Confidence in your good* Clothes, *and your better* Face, *that a Gentleman should do Sir. But I pray you Sir, let me be a Suter to you, that you will quit our* Stage *then, and take a* Place, *the* Play *is instantly to begin.*

3. *Most willingly my good Wag: but I would speake with your* Author, *where's he?*

2. *Not this way, I assure you Sir, We are not so officiously befriended by him, as to haue his Presence in the* Tiring-house, *to prompt vs aloud, stampe at the* Booke-holder, *sweare for our* Properties, *curse the poore* Tire-man, *rayle the* Musique *out of tune, and sweat for euery* veniall *trespasse we commit, as some* Author *would, if he had such fine* Ingles *as we: well, 'tis but our hard Fortune.*

3. *Nay Cracke be not disheartned.*

2. *Not I Sir: but if you please to conferre with our* Author *by Attorney, you may Sir: our proper selfe here stands for him.*

3. *Troth, I haue no such serious affayre to negotiate with him; but what may very safely be turn'd vpon thy trust: It is in the generall behalfe of this fayre* Society *here, that I am to speake; at least the more iudicious part of it: Which seemes much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of many, in their Playes. Besides, they could wish, your* Poets *would leaue to be* Promooters *of other mens* Iests; *and to way-lay all the stale* Apophthegmes, *or old* Bookes, *they can heare of (in Print or otherwise) to farce their* Scenes *withall: That they would not so penuriously gleane wit, from euery* Landresse, *or* Hackney-man; *or deriue their best grace (with* seruile Imitation *) from* Cõmon Stages, *or* Obseruation *of the Company, they conuerse with; as if their* Inuention *liu'd wholy vpon another mans Trencher. Againe; that feeding their friends with nothing of their owne, but what they haue twise, or thrise Cook'd) they should not wantonly giue out, how*

soone

soone they had drest it; nor how many Coaches came to cary away the broken-meate, besides Hobby-horses and Foote-cloth Nags.

2. So Sir, this is all the Reformation you seeke?

3. It is: do not you thinke it necessary to be practis'd, my little wag?

2. Yes; where there is any such ill-habited Custome receiu'd.

3. O, I had almost forgot it too: they say, the Vmbræ, or Ghosts of some three or foure Playes, departed a dozen yeares since, haue been seene walking on your Stage here; Take heed Boy, if your House be haunted with such Hob-goblins, 'twill fright away all your Spectators quickly.

2. Good Sir. But what will you say now, if a Poet (vntoucht with any breath of this disease) finde Gods Tokens vpon you, that are of the Auditory? As some one Cinet-Wit among you, that knowes no other Learning, then the price of Satten and Veluets; nor other Perfection, then the wearing of a Neate Sute; & yet will censure as desperately as the most profest Critique in the house: presuming, his Cloathes should beare him out in't. Another (whome it hath pleas'd Nature to furnish with more Beard, then Brayne) prunes his Mustaccio; lispes; and (with some score of affected Oathes) sweares downe all that sit about him; That the olde Hieronimo, (as it was first acted) was the onely best, and Iudiciously-pend Play, of Europe. A third a great-bellied Iugler talkes of twenty yeares since, and when Monsieur was here; and would enforce all Witte to be of that fashion, because his Doublet is still so. A fourth mis-calles all by the name of Fustian, that his grounded Capacity cannot aspire too. A fifth only shakes his Bottle Head, and out of his Corky Braine, squeezeth out a pittifull-learned Face, and is silent.

3. By my Faith, Iack, you haue put me downe: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent Grace: Here take your Cloake, and promise some satisfaction in your Prologue, or (Ile be sworne) we haue mard all. Exit.

2. Tut feare not Sall: this will neuer distaste a true Sence. Be not cut, and good inough: I would thou hadst some Sugar Candyed, to sweeten thy Mouth. Exit.

Prolo-

Prologus.



If gratious ſilence, ſweete Attention,
Quick ſight, and quicker apprehenſion,
(The lights of iudgmẽts throne) ſhine any wher;
Our doubtful author hopes, this is their Sphære
And therefore opens he himſelfe to thoſe,
To other weaker Beames, his labors cloſe;
As loathe to proſtitute their virgin ſtraine,
To euery vulgar, and adulterate braine.
In this alone, his Muſe her ſweetneſſe hath,
She ſhuns the print of any beaten path;
And prooues new wayes to come to learned eares:
Pied ignorance ſhe neither loues, nor feares.
Nor hunts ſhe after popular applauſe,
Or ſomy praiſe, that drops from common lawes;
The garland that ſhe weares, their hands muſt twine,
Who can both cenſure, vnderſtand, define
What Merrit is: Then caſt thoſe piercing rayes,
Round as a crowne, inſteed of honor'd Bayes,
About his Poeſie, which (he knowes) affoords,
Words aboue Action: matter, aboue words.

Exit.

Actus Primus, Scena prima.

Cupid. Mercurie.



Ho goes there?

Mer. Tis I, blinde Archer.

Cup. Who? *Mercurie?*

Mer. I.

Cup. Farewell.

Mer. Stay *Cupid.*

Cup. Not in your company *Hermes*, except your hands were riueted at your backe.

Mer. Why so my little Rouer?

Cup. Becauſe I know, you ha' not a finger, but is as long as my quiuer, (couſin *Mercurie*,) when you pleaſe to extend it.

Mer. Whence deriue you this ſpeach Boy?

Cup. O! tis your beſt policie to be Ignorant: you did neuer ſteale *Mars* his ſworde out of the ſheath; you? nor *Neptunes* Trident; nor *Apolloes* Bowe; no, not you? Alaſſe your palmes (*Iupiter* knowes) they are as tender as the foote of a foundred Nag, or a Ladies face new *Mercuried*; theyle touch nothing.

Mer. Go to (Infant) youle be daring ſtill.

Cup. Daring? O *Ianus*, what a word is there? why my light fether-heeld *Couſſe*, what are you, any more then my vncle *Ioues* Pandar, a Lackey that runs on errands for him, and can whiſper a light meſſage to a looſe wenche with ſome round volubility, waite at a table with a Trencher, and warble vpon a Crowde a little; One that ſweepes the Gods drinking roome euery morning, and ſets the Cuſhions in order againe which they threw one at anothers head ouernight? Heere's the Catalogue of all your Imploiments now. O no, I erre: you haue the Marſhalling of all the Ghoſtes too, that paſſe the *Stigian* ferry; and Ruſpect you for a ſhare with the olde Sculler there, if the truth were knowne; but let that ſcape: one other peculiar vertue you poſſeſſe, in lifting or *Lieger-du-maine* (which few of the

houſe

house of Heauen haue else besides) I must confesse; But (me thinks) that should not make you set such an extream distance twixt your selfe and others, that we should be said too ouerdare in speaking to your nimble Deity: So *Hercules* might challenge a priority of vs both, because he can throw the Barre farther, or lift more loynd stooles at the armes end then we. If this might carry it; then we (who haue made the whole body of Diuinity tremble at the twange of our Bowe, and inforste *Saturnius* himselfe to lay by his curld front, Thunder, and three forkd-fiers, and put on a Masking sute, too light for a reueller of eighteene to be seene in——

Mercu. How now my dancing Braggart in *Decimo sexto*? charme your skipping toung, or Ile——

Cup. What? vse the vertue of your Snakie Tipstaffe there vpon vs?

Mer. No Boy, but the stretcht vigor of mine arme about your eares; you haue forgot since I tocke your heeles vp into ayre, (on the very hower I was borne) in sight of all the benche of Deities, when the siluer roofe of the *Olympian* Pallace rung againe with the applause of the fact.

Cup. O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for my mother *Venus* (at the same time) but stoupt to imbrace you, and (to speake by Metaphore) you borrowed a Girdle of hers, as you did *Ioues* Scepter (while he was laughing) and would haue doone his thunder too, but that, twas too hote for your itching fingers.

Mer. Tis well sir.

Cup. I heard you but lookt in at *Vulcans* Forge the other day, and intreated a paire of his newe Tongs along with you for company: Tis ioy on you (I faith) that you will keepe your hook'd tallons in practise with any thing. Slight, now you are on earth, we shall haue you filche Spoones and Candlesticks rather then faile: pray *Ioue* the perfum'd Courtiers keepe their *Casting-bottles*, *Pick-toothes*, and *Shittle-cockes* from you, or our more ordinary Gallants their *Tabaco-boxes*, for I am strangely iealous of your nayles.

Mer. Nere trust me *Cupid*, but you are turnd a most acute gallant of late, the edge of my wit is cleere taken off with the fine and subtile stroake of your thin-ground toung, you fight with too poinant a phrase, for me to deale with.

Cup. O *Hermes*, your craft cannot make me confident, I know my owne steele to be almost spent, and therefore intreate my peace with you in time: you are too cunning for me to incounter at length, and I thinke it my safest warde to close.

Mer. Well for once, Ile suffer you to come within me wag, but vse not these straines too often, theile stretch my patience. Whether might you marche now?

Cup. Faith (to recouer thy good thoughts) Ile discouer my whole proiect. The Huntresse and queene of these groues, *Diana* (in regarde of some black and enuious slaunders howerly breathd against her for her deuine iustice on *Acteon* as shee pretends) hath here in the vale of *Gargaphy* proclaimd a solemne reuels, which she will grace with the full and royall expence of one of her cleerest moones: In which time it shall be lawfull for all sorts of ingenuous persons, to visite her pallace, to court her Nimphes, to exercise all varietie of generous and noble pastimes, as well to intimate how farre she treads such malitious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how cleere her beauties are from the least wrinckle of Austerity, they may be chardgd with.

Mer. But what is all this to *Cupid*?

Cup. Here do I meane to put off the title of a God, and take the habite of a Page, in which disguise (during the Interim of these reuels) I will get to follow some one of *Dianas* maides, where (if my bowe holde, and my shafts flye but with halfe the willingnesse and ayme they are directed) I doubt not but I shall really redeeme the minutes I haue lost by their so long and ouer-nice proscription of my Deity, from their court.

Mer. Pursue it (diuine *Cupid*) it will be rare.

Cup. But will *Hermes* second me.

Mer. I am now to put in act an especiall designement from my father *Ioue*, but that performd, I am for any fresh action

that

that offers it selfe.

Cup. Well then we part. *Exit.*

Mer. Farewell good wag.

Now to my charge, *Eccho*, faire *Eccho* speake,
Tis *Mercurie* that calles thee; sorrowfull Nimphe:
Salute me with thy repercussiue voyce,
That I may know what cauerne of the earth,
Containes thy ayery spirit: how, or where,
I may direct my speech, that thou maist heare.

SCENA. 2.

Echo, Mercury.

Echo. Here.

Mer. So nigh.

Echo. I.

Mer. Know (gentle soule) then, I am sent from *Ioue*,
Who (pittying the sad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of wordes,
To vent thy passion for *Narcissus* death)
Commaunds that now (after shree thousand yeares,
Which haue bin excercisde in *Iunoes* spight,)
Thou take a corporall figure and ascend,
Enricht with vocall, and articulate power,
Make haste sad Nymph: thrise doth my winged rod,
Strike th'obsequious earth to giue thee way,
Arise, and speake thy sorrowes, *Eccho* rise,
Heere, by this Fountaine where thy loue did pine,
Whose memory liues fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrin'd in this yellow flower, that beares his name

Ech. His name reuiues and lifts me vp from earth. *Ascendit*

O which way shall I first conuert my selfe?
Or in what moode shall I assay to speake,
That (in a moment) I may be deliuered,
Of the prodigious griefe I go with all?
See, see, the morning fount whose spring weepes yet,

Th'vntimely fate of that too-beauteous boy,
That Trophæe of ſelfe loue, and ſpoile of nature,
Who(now tranſformd into this drooping flower)
Hangs the repentant head, back, from the ſtreame;
As if it wiſh'd: Would I had neuer lookt,
In ſuch a flattering mirror. O *Narciſſus*,
Thou that waſt once(and yet art) my *Narciſſus*,
Had *Eccho* but beene priuate with thy thoughtes,
She would haue dropt away her ſelfe in teares,
Till ſhe had all turn'd water; that in her,
(As in a truer glaſſe) thou mighſt haue gaz'd,
And ſeene thy beauties by more kinde reflection:
But *Selfe loue* neuer yet could looke on trueth,
but with blear'd beames; Slieke flatterie and ſhe:
Are twin-borne ſiſters, and ſo mixe their eyes,
As if you ſeuer one, the other dies.
Why did the Gods giue thee a heauenly forme,
And earthy thoughtes to make thee proude of it?
Why do I aſke? tis now the knowne diſeaſe
That beautie hath, to beare to deepe a ſence,
Of her owne ſelfe-conceiued excellence.
O hadſt thou knowne the worth of heauens rich guift,
Thou would'ſt haue turn'd it to a truer vſe,
And not(with leane and couetous ignorance)
Pin'd in continuall eying that bright *Gem*,
The glance whereof to others had bine more,
Then to thy famiſht minde the wide worldes ſtore;
„So wretched is it to be meerely ritch:
Witnes thy youths deare ſweetes, here ſpent vntaſted;
Like a faire *Taper*, with his owne flame waſted.
Mer. *Eccho* be briefe, *Saturnia* is abroad;
And if ſhe heare, ſheele ſtorme at *Ioues* high will:
Eccho. I will (kinde *Mercury*) be briefe as time,
Vouchſafe me I may do him theſe laſt *Rites*,
But kiſſe his flower, and ſing ſome mourning ſtraine:
Ouer his watry hearſe.

Mer.

Mer. Thou doſt obtaine,
I were no ſonne to *Ioue* ſhoulde I denie thee;
Beginne, and(more to grace thy cunning voyce)
The humourous ayre ſhall mixe her ſolemne tunes,
With thy ſad wordes: ſtrike Muſique from the ſpheares,
And with your golden raptures ſwell our eares.

Cant.

SLow, Slow Freſh fount, keepe time with my ſalt teares;
yet ſlower, yet, o faintly gentle ſprings;
Liſt to the heavy part the Muſique beares,
Woe weepes out her diuiſion when ſhe ſings:
Droope hearbes, and flowers,
fall griefe in ſhowers;
Our beauties are not ours:
O I could ſtill
(Like melting ſnow vpon ſome craggy hill,)
drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Natures pride, is now a wither'd Daffadill.

Mer. Now ha' you done?
Eccho. Done preſently(good *Hermes*)bide a little;
Suffer my thirſty eye to gaze a while,
But eene to taſt the place, and I am vaniſht:
Mer. Forgoe thy vſe and libertie of tongue,
And thou maiſt dwell on earth, and ſport thee there;
Eccho. Here young *Action* fell, purſu'd, and torne
By *Cynthias* wrath(more egar then his houndes;)
And here,(ay me the place is fatall)ſee,
The weeping *Niobe*, tranſlated hether
From *Phrygian* mountaines: and by *Phœbe* rear'd
As the proude Trophæe of her ſharpe reuenge.

Mer.

Mer. Nay but here.

Ech. But here, oh here, the *Fountaine of selfe loue:*
In which *Latona*, and her careleſſe *Nimphes*,
(Regardles of my ſorrowes) bath themſelues,
In hourely pleaſures.

Mer. Stint thy babling tongue;
Fond *Echo*, thou prophanſt the grace is done thee:
So idle worldlings (meerely made of voyce:)
Cenſure the powers aboue them. Come away,
Ioue calls thee hence, and his will brookes no ſtay.

Ech. O ſtay: I haue but one poore thought to clothe,
In ayery garments and then (faith) I go:
Henceforth, thou treacherous, and murthering ſpring,
Be euer cald the *Fountaine of ſelfe loue:*
And with thy water let this curſe remaine,
(As an inſeperate plague) that who but taſtes,
A droppe thereof, may (with the inſtant touch)
Grow dotingly enamour'd on themſelues.
Now *Hermes* I haue finiſh'd.

Mer. Then thy ſpeach,
Muſt here forſake thee *Echo*, and thy voyce:
(As it was wount) rebound but the laſt wordes, Fare well.

Echo. Well. *Exit.*

Now *Cupid* I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leaue the earth.

SCENA. 3.

Amorphus. Echo. Mercury.

Amo. Deare ſparke of beauty make not ſo faſt away:

Echo. Away.

Mer. Stay let me obſerue this portent yet.

Amo. I am neither your *Minotaure*, nor your *Centaure*, nor your *Satyre*, nor your *Hyæna*, nor your *Babion*, but your meere traueler, beleeue me:

Echo.

Echo. Leaue me.

Mer. I geſt it ſhould be ſome trauelling Motion purſu'de *Eccho* ſo.

Amo. Know you from whom you flye? or whence?

Echo. Hence. *Exit.*

Amo. This is ſomewhat aboue ſtrange: a Nimphe of her feature and lineament to be ſo prepoſterouſly rude; well; I will but coole my ſelfe at yon' Spring and follow her.

Mer. Nay then I am familiar with the iſſue; Ile leaue you too. *Exit.*

Amo. I am a *Rhinoceros*, if I had thought a creature of her *Symmetry* would haue dard ſo improportionable and abrupte a digreſſion. Liberall and deuine Founte, ſuffer my prophane hand to take of thy bounties. By the puritie of my taſte, heere is moſt *Ambroſiack* water; I will ſup of it againe. By thy fauor ſweete Founte. See, the water (a more running, ſubtile, and humorous Nimphe then ſhee) permits me to touche, and handle her: what ſhould I inferre? If my behauiours had beene of a cheape, or cuſtomary garbe; my Accent, or phraſe, vulgar; my Garmẽts trite; my Countenance illiterate; or vnpractizd in the encounter of a beautifull and braue-attirde Peice, then I might (with ſome change of coullor) haue ſuſpected my faculties: but (knowing my ſelfe an Eſſence ſo ſublimated, and refin'de by Trauaile; of ſo ſtudied, and well exerciſde a geſture; ſo alone in faſhion, able to make the face of any *States-man* liuing, and to ſpeake the meere extraction of language; One that hath now made the ſixth returne vpon venter; and was your firſt that euer enricht his countrey with the true laws of the *Duello*; whoſe *Optiques* haue drunke the ſpirit of beauty, in ſome eight ſcore and eighteene Princes Courts, where I haue reſided, and bin there fortunate in the *Amours* of three hundred, fortie, and fiue Ladies (all nobly diſcended) whoſe names I haue in Catalogue: to conclude; in all ſo happy, as euen Admiration her ſelfe dooth ſeeme to faſten her kiſſes vpon me: Certes I do neither ſee, nor feele, nor taſte, nor ſauor, the leaſt ſteame, or fume of a reaſon, that ſhould inuite this fooliſh faſtidious

Nymph so peeuishly to abandon me: well let the memory of her fleete into Ayre; my thoughts and I am for this other Element, water.

SCENA. 4.

Criticus. Asotus. Amorphus.

Crit. What? the well-dieted *Amorphus* become a Water-drinker? I see he meanes not to write verses then.

Asot. No *Criticus*? why?

Crit. *Quia nulla placere diu, nec viuere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Amor. What say you to your *Helicon*?

Crit. O, the *Muses*, well! that's euer excepted.

Amor. Sir, your *Muses* haue no such water I assure you; your *Nectar*, or the Iuice of your *Nepenthe* is nothing to it; tis aboue your *Metheglin*, beleeue it.

Asot. *Metheglin*! what's that Sir? may I be so Audacious to demaund?

Amo. A kinde of Greeke Wine I haue met with Sir in my Trauailes: it is the same that *Demosthenes* vsually drunke, in the composure of all his exquisite and Mellifluous Orations.

Crit. That's to be argued, (*Amorphus*) if wee may credit *Lucian*, who in his (*Encomium Demosthenis*) affirmes, he neuer drunke but water in any of his Compositions.

Amo. *Lucian* is absurde, he knew nothing: I will beleeue my owne Trauels, before all the *Lucians* of *Europe*; he doth feed you with fictions, and leasings.

Crit. Indeed (I thinke) next a Traueller he do's prettily well.

Amo. I assure you it was Wine, I haue tasted it, and from the hand of an Italian *Antiquary*, who deriues it authentically from the Duke of *Ferrara's* Bottles. How name you the Gentleman you are in ranke with there, Sir?

Crit. Tis *Asotus*, sonne to the late deceased *Philargyrus* the Cittizen.

Amo.

Amorphus. Was his Father of any eminent place, or meanes?

Crit. He was to haue bin *Prætor* next yeare.

Amo. Ha! A pretty formall young Gallant (in good soothe) pitty, hee is not more gentilely propagated. Hearke you *Criticus*: you may say to him what I am, if you please; though I affect not popularity, yet I would be lothe to stand out to any, whome you shall voutchsafe to call friend.

Crit. Sir, I feare I may doe wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one; your selfe can best enforme him of your selfe Sir, except you had some Catalogue or Inuentory of your faculties readye drawne, which you would request me to shew him for you, and him to take notice of.

Amo. This *Criticus* is sower: I will thinke Sir.

Crit. Doe so Sir. O heauen, that any thing (in the likenesse of man) should suffer these rackt extremities, for the vttring of his Sophisticate good parts.

Asot. *Criticus*, I haue a sute to you; but you must not denie me: pray you make this Gentleman and I friends.

Crit. Friends! Why? is there any difference betweene you?

Asotus. No: I meane acquaintance, to knowe one another.

Crit. O now I apprehend you; your phrase was without me before.

Asot. In good faith hee's a most excellent rare man I warrant him.

Crit. Slight, they are mutually enamor'd by this time.

Asot. Will you sweete *Criticus*?

Crit. Yes, yes.

Asot. Nay, but when? youle deferre it now, and forget it?

Crit. Why, ist a thing of such present necessity, that it requires so violent a dispatch?

Asot. No, but (would I might neuer stir) hee's a most rauishing man; good *Criticus* you shall endeare me to you, in good faith law.

Crit. Well your longing shalbe satisfied Sir.

Asot. And withall, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heire.

Crit. Leaue it to me, Ile forget none of your deare graces I warrant you.

Asot. Nay I know you can better marshall these affaires then I can. —— O Gods il'e giue all the world (if I had it) for aboundance of such acquaintance.

Crit. What ridiculous circumstance might I deuise now, to bestow this reciprocall brace of Cockscombes, one vpon another?

Amor. Since I troad on this side the *Alpes*, I was not so frozen in my inuention; let me see to accost him with some choise remnant of *Spanish*, or *Italian*? that would indifferently expresse my languages now, mary then, if he should fall out to be Ignorant, it were both hard, and harshe, How else? step into some discourse of *State*, and so make my induction? that were aboue him too; and out of his element I feare. Faine to haue seen him in Venice? or Padua? or some face neare his in similitude? tis too pointed, and open. No; it must be a more queint, & collaterall deuise: As —— stay; to frame some encomiastique speach vpon this our *Metropolis*, or the wise Magistrates thereof, in which pollitique number, tis ods but his father fild vp a rome? descend into a perticuler admiration of their Iustice; for the due measuring of Coales, burning of Cans, and such like? As also their religion, in pulling downe a superstitious Crosse, and aduancing a *Venus*; or *Priapus*, in place of it? ha? twill do well. Or to talke of some Hospitall, whose walls record his father a *BENEFACTOR*? or of so many Buckets bestowd on his parish church in his life time, with his name at length (for want of armes) trickt vpon them; Any of these? or to praise the cleanesse of the streete wherein he dwelt, or the prouident painting of his posts against he should haue beene *Prætor*, or (leauing his parent) come to some speciall ornament about him selfe, as his Rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I haue it: Thankes gracious *Minerua*.

Asot.

Asot. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then——

Amor. Tis a most curious and neatly-wrought band this same, as I haue seene Sir.

Asot. O God Sir.

Amor. You forgiue the humor of mine eye in obseruing it?

Asot. O Lord Sir, there needs no such Apology I assure you.

Crit. I am anticipated: theyle make a solemne deede of guift of themselues you shall see.

Amor Your Rose too do's most grace-fully in troath.

Asot. Tis the most gentile and receiu'd Weare now Sir.

Amor. Beleeue me Sir (I speake it not to humour you) I haue not seene a young gentleman (generally) put on his cloathes with more iudgement.

Asot. O, tis your pleasure to say so, Sir.

Amor. No, as I am vertuous (being altogether vntraueld) it strikes me into wonder.

Asot. I do purpose to trauell (Sir) at Spring.

Amor. I thinke I shall affect you sir, this last speach of yours hath begun to make you deare to me.

Asot. O God Sir, I would there were any thing in me Sir, that might appeare worthy the least worthines of your woorth Sir, I protest Sir, I should endeuour to shew it Sir, with more then common regarde Sir.

Crit. O heres rare Motley, Sir.

Amor. Both your desert, and your endeuors are plentifull, suspect them not: but your sweete disposition to trauaile (I assure you) hath made you another *My-selfe* in mine eye, and strooke me enamour'd on your beauties.

Asot. I would I were the fairest Lady of *Fraunce* for your sake Sir, and yet I would trauaile too.

Amor. O you should digresse from your selfe els: for (beleeue it) your Trauaile is your onely thing that rectifies, or (as the Italian sayes *Vi rendi pronto all' Attioni*, makes you fit for Action.

Asot. I thinke it be great charge though Sir.

Amor. Charge? why tis nothing for a gentleman that goes priuate, as your selfe, or so; my Intelligence shall quitt my

charge at all times: Good faith this Hat hath possest mine eye exceedingly; tis so prettie, and fantastique; what? ist a Beauer.

Asot. I Sir. Ile assure you tis a Beauer, it cost me six crownes but this morning.

Amor. A very prettie fashion (beleeue me) and a most nouel kinde of trimme: your Button is conceipted too.

Asot. Sir, it is all at your seruice.

Amor. O pardon me.

Asot. I beseech you Sir, if you please to weare it you shall do me a most infinite grace.

Crit. Slight, will he be praisde out of his cloathes?

Asot. By heauen Sir, I do not offer it you after the *Italian* manner; I would you should conceiue so of me.

Amor. Sir, I shall feare to appeare rude in denying your curtesies, especially being inuited by so proper a distinction; may I pray your name Sir.

Asot. My name is *Asotus* Sir.

Amor. I take your loue (gentle *Asotus*) but let me winne you to receiue this in exchange. ——

Crit. 'Hart, theile change dublets anone.

Amor. And (from this time) esteeme your selfe in the first ranke of those few whom I professe to loue; what make you in company of this schollet here? I will bring you knowne to gallants as *Anaides*, *Hedon* the courtier, and others, whose societie shall render you grac'de, and respected; this is a triuiall fellow, too meane, too coarse for you to conuerse with.

Asot. Slid, this is not worth a crowne, and mine cost me six but this morning.

Crit. I lookt when he would repent him, he ha's begunne to be sad a good while.

Amor. Sir, shall I say to you for that Hat? be not so sad, be not so sad; tis a Relique I could not so easily haue departed with, but as the *Hieroglphick* of my affection; you shall alter it to what forme you please, it will take any block; I haue varied it my selfe to the three thousandth time, and not so few: It hath these vertues beside; your head shall not ake vnder it; nor

your

your braine leaue you, without licence; It will preserue your complexion to eternitie; for no beame of the *Sunne* (should you weare it vnder *Zona Torrida*) hath force to approch it by two ells. Tis proofe against thunder, and enchantment: and was giuen me by a great man (in *Russia*) as an especially-priz'd present; and constantly affirm'd to be the hat that acompanied the politique *Vlysses*, in his tedious, and ten yeares Trauailes.

Asot. By *Ioue* I will not depart withall, whosoeuer woulde giue me a Million.

SCENA. 5.

Cos. Prosaites. Criticus. Amorphus. Asotus.

Cos. Saue you sweete bloods: do's any of you want a creature, or a dependant?

Crit. Be-shrow me a fine blunt slaue.

Amor. A page of good timber; it will now be my grace to entertaine him first, though I casheere him againe in priuate: how art thou call'd?

Cos. Cos Sir, *Cos.*

Crit. Cos? How happely hath Fortune furnisht him with a *Whetstone?*

Amor. I do entertaine you *Cos*: conceale your quality till we be priuate; if your parts be worthy of me, I wil countenance you; if not, catechize you; Gentles shall we go?

Asot. Stay Sir; ile but entertaine this other fellow, and then—I haue a great humour to tast of this water too, but ile come againe alone for that—marke the place; whats your name, youth?

Pros. Prosaites Sir.

Asot. Prosaites? A very fine name *Criticus?* ist not?

Crit. Yes, and a very ancient Sir, the *Begger*; *Exeunt.*

Asot. Follow me good *Prosaites*: Lets talke.

Crit. He will ranke euen with you (ere't be long)
If you hold on your course: O vanity,
How are thy painted beauties doated on.

By

By light, and empty Ideots? how purſu'de
With open, and extended appetite?
How they do ſweate, and run themſelues from breath,
Raiſd on their toes, to catch thy ayery formes,
Still turning giddy, till they reele like drunkards,
That buy the merry madneſſe of one hower,
With the long irkſomneſſe of following time?
O how diſpiſde, and baſe a thing is Man,
If he not ſtriue t'erect his groueling thoughts
Aboue the ſtraine of fleſh? But how more cheape
When, euen his beſt and vnderſtanding part,
(The crowne, and ſtrength of all his faculties)
Floates like a dead drown'd body, on the ſtreame
Of vulgar humor, mixt with commonſt dregs?
I ſuffer for their guilt now, and my Soule
(Like one that lookes on ill affected eyes)
Is hurt with meere Intention on their follies:
Why will I view them then? my Sence might aske me:
Or iſt a Rarity, or ſome new Obiect,
That ſtraines my ſtrict obſeruance to this point?
O would it were, therein I could afforde
My Spirit ſhould draw a little neere to theirs,
To gaze on nouelties: ſo *Vice* were one.
Tut, ſhe is ſtale, ranke, foule, and were it not
That thoſe (that wooe her) greete her with lockt eyes
(In ſpight of all the Impoſtures, paintings, drugs,
Which her bawde *Cuſtome* daubes her cheekes withall)
She would betray her loath'd and leprous face,
And fright th'enamor'd dotards from themſelues:
But ſuch is the peruerſneſſe of our nature,
That if we once but fancy leuity,
(How antique and ridiculous ſo ere
It ſute with vs) yet will our muffled thought
Chooſe rather not to ſee it, then auoy de it:
And if we can but baniſh our owne ſence,
We acte our *Mimick* tricks with that free licence,

That luſt, that pleaſure, that ſecurity,
As if we practiz'd in a Paſt-boord caſe,
And no one ſaw the *Motion*, but the *Motion*.
Well, check thy paſſion, leaſt it grow too lowde:
While fooles are pittied, they wax fat, and prowde. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

SCENA. II.

Cupid. Mercury.

Cup. Why this was moſt vnexpectedly followed (my deuine delicate *Mercury*) by the Beard of *Ioue*, thou art a pretious Deity.

Mer. Nay *Cupid* leaue to ſpeake improperly; ſince we are turn'd cracks, lets ſtudy to be like cracks: practiſe their language, and behauiours, and not with a dead Imitation. Acte freely, careleſly, and capriciouſly, as if our veines ranne with Quick-ſiluer, and not vtter a phraſe, but what ſhall come foorth ſteept in the very brine of conceipt, and ſparkle like ſalt in fire.

Cup. That's not euery ones happineſſe (*Hermes*) though you can preſume vpon the eaſineſſe and dexterity of your wit, you ſhall giue me leaue to be a little Iealous of mine; and not deſperately to hazard it after your capring humor.

Mer. Nay then *Cupid*, I thinke we muſt haue you hoodwinckt againe, for you are growne too prouident, ſince your eyes were at liberty.

Cup. Not ſo (*Mercury*) I am ſtill blinde *Cupid* to thee:

Mer. And what to the Lady Nimph you ſerue?

Cup. Troath *Page*, *Boy*, and *Sirha*: theſe are all my titles.

Mer. Then thou haſt not altered thy name with thy diſguiſe?

Cup. O No, that had bin *Supererogation*, you ſhall neuer heare your Courtier call but by one of theſe three.

Mer. Faith then both our Fortunes are the ſame.

Cup. Why? what parcell of man haſt thou lighted on for a Maiſter?

Mer. Such a one (as before I begin to decipher him) I dare not affirme him to be any thing elſe then a Courtier. So much he is, during this open time of Reuels, & would be longer, but that his meanes are to leaue him ſhortly after: his name is *Hedon*, a gallant wholy conſecrated to his pleaſures. ——

Cup. Hedon? he vſes much to my Ladies chamber, I thinke.

Mer. How is ſhe cal'd, and then I can ſhew thee?

Cup. Madame *Philautia*.

Mer. O I, he affects her very particulerly indeed. Theſe are his graces: he doth (beſides me) keepe a *Barbar*, and a *Monkey*: He has a ritch wrought Waſte-coate to intertaine his viſitants in, with a Cap almoſt ſutable. His Curtaines and Bedding are thought to be his owne; his bathing Tub is not ſuſpected. He loues to haue a *Fencer*, a *Pedant*, and a *Muſitian* ſeene in his lodging a mornings.

Cup. And not a *Poet*?

Mer. Fye no: himſelfe is a Rimer, and that's a thought better then a *Poet*: he is not lightly within to his Mercer, no, though he come when he takes Phiſique, which is commonly after his play. He beates a Tayler very well, but a Stocking-ſeller admirably; and ſo conſequently any one he owes money too, that dares not reſiſt him. He neuer makes generall inuitement, but againſt the publiſhing of a new Sute, marry then, you ſhall haue more drawne to his lodging, then come to the launching of ſome three ſhips; eſpecially if he be furniſhd with ſupplies for the retiring of his olde Ward-robe from pawne; if not, he do's hire a ſtock of Apparell, and ſome forty or fiftie pound in Gould for that forenoone to ſhew; Hee's thought a very neceſſary Perfume for the Preſence, and for that onely cauſe welcome thither: ſix Millaners ſhops affoorde you not the like ſent. He courts Ladies with how many great Horſe he hath rid that morning, or how oft he has done the whole, or the halfe *Pommada* in a ſeuen-night before; and ſometime venters ſo far vpon the vertue of his Pomander, that he dares

tell

tell'hem, how many shirts he has sweat at *Tennis* that weeke. but wiselye conceales so many dozen of Balls he is on the score. Here he comes that is all this.

SCENA. 2.

Hedon. Anaides. Gelaia. Cupid. Mercurie.

Hedon. Boy.

Mercu. Sir.

Hedon. Are any of the Ladies in the Presence?

Mer. None yet Sir.

Hedon. Giue me some Gold, More.

Ana. Is that thy Boy *Hedon*?

Hedo. I, what think'st thou of him? (phers stone.

Ana. Shart, Il'd gelde him; I warrant he has the Philoso-

Hed. Well said my good Melancholy diuell! Sirah, I haue deuisde one or two of the pretiest Oathes (this morning in my bed) as euer thou heardst, to protest withall in the Presence.

Ana. Pray thee lets heere 'hem.

Hed. Soft thoult vse 'hem afore me.

Ana. No (damne me then) I haue more oathes then I know how to vtter, by this ayre.

Hed. Faith one is; *By the tip of your eare, Sweete Lady.* Is't not pretty, and Gentile?

Ana. Yes for the person 'tis applyed to, a Lady. It should be light, and——

Hed. Nay the other is better, exceeds it much: The Inuention is farder fet too; *By the white valley that lyes betweene the* Alpine *hills of your bosome, I protest——&c.*

Ana. Well, you traueld for that *Hedon*.

Mer. I, in a Map, where his eyes were but blind guides to his vnderstanding it seemes.

Hed. And then I haue a *Salutatio* wil nick all; by this Caper: ho!

Ana. How is that?

Hed. You know I cal Mada *Philautia*, my *Honor*, & she cals me her *Ambitio*. Now (when I meet her in the Presence anon) I wil

come to her, and say, *Sweete Honor, I haue hitherto contented my Sence with the Lillies of your hand; but now I will taste the Roses of your lip*; and (withall) kisse her: to which she cannot but blushingly answeare: *Nay now you are too Ambitious.* And then do I reply; *I cannot be too Ambitious of Honour, sweete Lady.* Wilt not be good? ha? ha?

Ana. O Assure your soule.

Hed. By heauen I thinke 'twill be excellent, and a very politique atchiuement of a kisse.

Ana. I haue thought vpon one for *Maria* of a suddaine too if it take.

Hed. What ist, my deare mischiefe?

Ana. Mary, I will come to her, (and she alwayes weares a Muffe if you be remembred) and I will tell her: *Madame your whole selfe cannot but be perfectly wise: for your hands haue witte enough to keepe themselues warme.*

Hed. Now (before *Ioue*) admirable: looke, thy Page takes it too, by *Phœbus*, my sweete facetious Rascall, I could eate Water-gruell with thee a month, for this Iest, O my deare Rogue.

Ana. O (by *Hercules*) 'tis your onely dish, aboue all your Potatos, or Oyster-pyes in the world.

Hed. I haue ruminated vpon a most rare *Wish* too, and the *Prophecy* to it, but Ile haue some friend to be the Prophet; As thus: *I do wish my selfe one of my Mistris* Ciopino's. Another demaunds: *Why would he be one of his Mistris* Ciopinos? A third answeres, *Because he would make her higher.* A fourth shall say: *That will make her proud.* And a fifth shall conclude: *Then do I prophesie, Pride will haue a fall: and he shall giue it her.*

Ana. Ile be your Prophet. By gods so, it will be most exquisite, thou art a fine Inuentious Rogue, Sirah.

Hed. Nay and I haue *Posies* for Rings too, and *Riddles*, that they dreame not of.

Ana. Tut theile do that, when they come to sleep on the time enough; but were thy deuises neuer in the Presence yet *Heden*?

Hed. O no, I disdaine that.

Ana. I were good we went afore then, & brought the acquainted

ted with the roome where they shall act, least the strangenes of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

Exeunt.

Cup. Is that a Courtier too.

Mer. Troth no; he has two essentiall parts of the Courtier, *Pride* and *Ignorance* (I meane of such a Courtier, who is (indeed) but the *Zani* to an exact Courtier) mary, the rest come somwhat after the *Ordinary* Gallant. 'Tis *Impudence* it selfe *Anaides*; one, that speakes all that comes in his cheekes, & wil blush no more then a Sackbut. He lightly occupies the Iesters roome at the table, & keeps laughter, *Gelasin* (a wench in pages atire) following him in place of a Squire, whom he (now & thē) tickles with some strange ridiculous stuffe, vttered (as his land came to him) by chance: He will censure or discourse of any thing, but as absurdly as you would wishe: His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in cloathes; He neuer drinkes below the Salt: He do's naturally admire his wit, that weares Gold-lace, or Tissue; Stabs any man that speakes more contemptibly of the *Scholler* then he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberall Sciences, as *Cheating*, *Drinking*, *Swaggering*, *Whoring*, and such like; neuer kneeles, but to pledge *Healths*; nor praies, but for a Pipe of pudding *Tabaco*. He will blaspheame in his shirt; The oaths which he vomits at one supper, would maintain a *Towne of garrison* in good swearing a twelue-moneth: One other genuine quality he has, which crownes all these; and that is this; to a Friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a soldard Groat, least the world might censure him prodigall, or report him a *Gull*: Mary, to his *Cocatrice* or *Punquetto*; halfe a dozen Taffata gownes or Sattin Kirtles, in a paire or two of moneth's, why they are nothing.

Cup. I commend him he is one of my clients.

SCENA. 3.

Amorphius, Asotus, Cos, Prosaites, Cupid, Mercurie.

Amor. Come Sir. You are now within reguarde of the Presence; And see, the priuacie of this roome, how sweetly it offers

it offers it ſelfe to our retir'd intendments. Page, caſt a vigilant, and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely ſurpriſ'd, by the aproch of ſome ruder-ſtranger. (feare nothing.

Cos. I warrant you Sir. Ile tell you when the Woolfe enters

Mer. O what a maſſe of benefit ſhall we poſſeſſe, in being the inuiſible Spectators of this ſtrange ſhew now to be acted?

Amor Plant your ſelfe there Sir: And obſerue me. You ſhall now, as well be the Ocular as the Eare-witneſſe, how clearely I can refell that *Paradox*, or rather *Pſeudodoxe* of thoſe, which holde the face to be the Index of the minde, which (I aſſure you) is not ſo, in any Politique creature; for Inſtance, I wil now giue you the particuler, and diſtinct face of euery your moſt noted *Species* of perſons; As your *Marchant*, your *Scholler*, your *Soldier*, your *Lawyer*, *Courtier*, *&c.* And each of theſe ſo truly, as you would ſweare (but that your eye ſees the variation of the lineament) it were my moſt proper, and Genuine aſpect: Firſt, for your *Marchants*, or Citty face; Tis thus: a dull plodding face; ſtill looking in a direct line, forward: There is no great matter in this face. Then haue you your *Students*, or *Academique* face, which is here, an honeſt, ſimple, and Methodicall face; But ſomewhat more ſpread then the former. The third is your *Soldiers* face: A menacing, and aſtounding face, that lookes broade, and bigge: the grace of this face conſiſts much in a Beard. The *Anti face* to this, is your *Lawyers* face; a contracted, ſubtile, and Intricate face; full of quirkes, and turnings; A *Labyrinthean* face, now angularly, now circularly, euery way aſpected. Next is your *Statiſts* face, a ſerious, ſolempne, and ſupercilious face, ful of formall, and ſquare grauity, the eye (for the moſt part) arteficially and deeply ſhadow'd, there is great iudgment requir'd in the making of this face. But now to come to your face of faces; or *Courtiers* face: tis of three ſorts; (according to our ſubdiuiſion of a *Courtier*; *Elementary*, *Practique*, and *Theorique*: your *Courtier Theorique*, is he that hath arriu'd to his fardeſt, and doth now know the Court rather by ſpeculation, then practiſe; & this is his face: A faſtidious, and oblique face; that lookes, as it went with a *Vice*, and were ſcrew'd thus. Your *Courtier Practique* is he that is yet in his Path, his Courſe, his Way, & hath not toucht the *Puntillio* or point of hopes; this

face

face is here: A most promising, open, smooth, and ouerflowing face, that seemes as it would runne, and powre it selfe into you; your *Courtier Elementary* is one but newly entered, or as it were in the Alphabet *Vt-re-mi-fa-sol-la*, of Courtship: Note well this face, for it is this you must practise.

Asot. Ile practise 'hem all, if you please Sir.

Amor. I; here after you may: and it will not be altogether an vngratfull study. For let your soule be assur'd of this (in any Ranke or profession whatsoeuer) the most generall, or *Maior* part of Opiniõ, goes with the face, & (simply) respects nothing else. Therefore: if that can be made, exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly, It is enough: But (for the present) you shall only apply your selfe to this face of the *Elementary Courtier*, A light, reuelling, & protesting face, now blushing, now smiling which you may helpe much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus; (a feather will teach you) or with kissing your finger that hath the Ruby, or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kinde of *Melancholy* besides. Where is your Page? call for your *Casting Bottle*, and place your *Mirror* in your Hat, as I tolde you; so. Come, looke not pale, obserue me: set your face, and enter.

Amor. O for some excellent Painter, to haue ta'ne the copye of all these faces.

Aso. *Prosaites.*

Amor. Fie, I premonish you of that. In the Court, Boy, or (Sirha.

Cos. Maister *Lupus in* —— O 'tis *Prosaites.*

Asot. Sirha, prepare me my *Casting-bottle*, I thinke I must be enforst to purchase me another Page, you see how at hand *Cos* waites heere. *Exeunt.*

Mor. So will he too in time.

Cup. What's he *Mercury?*

Mer. A notable *Finch*. One that hath newly entertain'd the *Beggar* to follow him, but cannot get him to wait neer inough. Tis *Asotus* the heire of *Philargirus*: but first Ile giue you the others Caracter, which may make his the clearer? He that is with him is *Amorphus*, A Traueller, One so made out of the mixture and shreds of formes, that himselfe is truely deformed: Hee walkes most commonlye with a *Cloue* or *Picketoothe* in his mouth, Hee's the very Minte of *Complement*;

All

All his behauiours are printed, his face is another volume of *Essayes*; and his beard an *Aristarchus*. He speakes all creame, skimd, & more affected then a dozen of waiting women; Hee's his owne promooter in euery place: The wife of the *Ordinary* giues him his diet to maintaine her table in discourse, which (indeed) is a meere Tiranny ouer her other guests: for he will vsurp all the talke: Ten Cunstables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter; once a yeare his Apparell is ready to reuolt; He doth vse much to arbitrate quarrells, and fights himselfe exceeding well (out at a window.) He will lie cheaper then any Begger, and lowder then most Clockes; for which he is right properly accommodated to the *Whetstone* his page. The other gallant is his *Zani*, & doth most of these tricks after him; sweats to imitate him in euery thing (to a haire) except a Beard, which is not yet extant: he doth learne to eat *Anchoues*, & *Caueare* because he loues 'hem, speakes as he speakes; lookes, walkes, goes so in Cloathes and fashion, is in al, as he were moulded of him. Marry (before they met) he had other very pretty sufficiencies, which yet he retaines some light Impression of: As frequenting a dauncing schoole, and grieuously torturing strangers, with inquisitiō after his grace in his Galliard; He buyes a fresh acquaintance at any rate; his Eye, and his Raiment confer much together as he goes in the street; He treads nicely, like a fellow that walkes vpon ropes, especially the first Sunday of his Silk-stockings, and when he is most neate and new, you shal stripp him with commendations.

Cup. Here comes another.

Mer. I, but one of another straine *Cupid*: This fellow weighs somewhat. *Criticus* passeth by.

Cup. His name *Hermes*?

Mer. *Criticus*. A creature of a most perfect and diuine temper; One, in whom the *Humors* & *Elements* are peaceably met, without æmulation of Precedencie: he is neither too fantastickly *Melancholy*; too slowly *Plegmatick*, too lightly *Sanguine*, or too rashly *Cholerick*, but m al, so composd and order'd; as it is cleare, Nature was about some full worke, she did more then make

make a man when she made him; His discourse is like his behauiour, vncommon, but not vnpleasing; he is prodigall of neither: He striues rather to be (that which men call) Iudicious, then to be thought so; and is so truely learned that he affects not to shew it: He wil thinke, & speak his thought, both freely; but as distant frō deprauing any other mans Merrit, as proclaming his owne: For his valor, tis such, that he dares as little to offer an Iniury, as receiue one. In sum, he hath a most Ingenious and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a streight iudgement, and a strong minde; constant and vnshaken: *Fortune* could neuer breake him, or make him lesse, he counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deedes then Goods, It is a competencie to him that he can be vertuous, He doth neither couet, nor feare; he hath too much reason to do either: and that commends all things to him.

Cup. Not better then *Mercury* commends him.

Mer. O *Cupid*, 'tis beyond my deity to giue him his due praises; I could leaue my *Place* in heauen, to liue among *Mortals*, so I were sure to bee no other then he.

Cup. Slight, I beleeue he is your *Minion*; you seeme to be so rauisht with him.

Mer. Hee's one, I would not haue awry thought darted against willingly.

Cup. No, but a straight shaft in his bosome, Ile promise him, if I am *Cithereas* sonne.

Mer. Shall we go *Cupid*?

Cup. Stay and see the Ladies now; theile come presently. Ile helpe to paint them.

Mer. What lay Couller vpon Couler? that affoordes but an ill blazon. *Argurion* passeth by.

Cup. Here comes Mettall to helpe it, the Lady *Argurion*.

Mer. Money, money.

Cup. The same: A Nimph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, humourous as the Ayre, she'le run from Gallant to Gallant (as they sit at *Primero* in the Presence) most strangely, and seldome stayes with any; She spreades as she goes: To day

you ſhall haue her looke as cleare and freſh as the morning and to morrow as Melancholy as mid night. She takes ſpeciall pleaſure in a cloſe, obſcure lodging, and for that cauſe viſits the Cittie ſo often, where ſhee has many ſecret and true-concealing fauorites. When ſhe comes abroad ſhee's more looſe and ſcattering then duſt, and will fly from place to place, as ſhe were rapt with a whirle-winde. Your young *Student* (for the moſt part) ſhe affects not, onely ſalutes him, and away: A *Poet* or a *Philoſopher* ſhe is hardly brought to take any notice of, no, though he be ſome part of an *Alchimiſt*. She loues a *Player*, well; and a *Lawyer* infinitly: but your Foole aboue all. She can do much in the Court for the obtaining of any ſute whatſoeuer, no doore but flies open to her; her preſence is aboue a Charme: The woorſt in her is want of keeping ſtate, and to much deſcending into inferior and baſe offices. Shee's for any courſe Imployment you wil put vpon her, as to be your Procurer or Pandar.

Mercu. Peace *Cupid*; heere comes more worke for you, another Caracter or two.

SCENA. 4.

Phantaſte, Moria, Philautia, Mercury, Cupid.

Pha. Stay ſweete *Philautia*; Ile but change my fann, and go preſently.

Mor. Now (in very good ſerious) Ladies, I will haue this order reuerſt, the Preſence muſt be better maintained from you; A quarter paſt eleuen, & n'ere a *Nimph* in *Proſpectiue*; beſhrew my hand, there muſt be a reform'd *Diſcipline*. Is that your new

Ruffe

Ruffe ſweet Lady Bird? by my truth 'tis moſt Intricately rare.

Mer. Good *Ioue*, what reuerend gentlewoman in yeares might this be?

Cup. This Madam *Moria*, Guardian of the *Nimphs*: One that is not now to be perſwaded of her *Wit*, ſhe will thinke herſelfe wiſe againſt all the Iudgements that come. A Lady made all of voyce, & Ayre, talkes any thing of any thing: She is like one of your Ignorant *Poëtaſters* of the time; who when the haue got acquainted with a ſtrange worde, neuer reſt till they haue wronge it in, though it looſen the whole fabrick of their Sence.

Mer. That was pretty and ſharply noted *Cupid*.

Cup. She will tell you *Philoſophy was a fine Reueller, when ſhe was young and a Gallant, and that then (though ſhe ſay it) ſhe was thought to be the* Dame-Dido, *and* Hellen *of the Court*; As alſo, *what a ſweete Dogge ſhe had this time foure yeere, and how it was call'd* Fortune, *and that (if the fates had not cut his thred) he had beene a Dogge to haue giuen entertainement to any Gallant in this kingdome*.

Mer. O I pray thee no more, I am full of her.

Cupid. Yes (I muſt needes tell you) She compoſes a Sack-poſſet well; and would court a young Page ſweetly, but that her breath is againſt it.

Mer. Now her breath (or ſome thing more ſtrong) protect me from her; th'other, th'other, *Cupid*.

Cup O, that's my Lady and Miſtris Madam *Philautia*: She admires not herſelfe for any one particularity, but for all; She is faire, and ſhe knowes it; She has a pretty light wit too, and ſhe knowes it; Shee can daunce, and ſhe knowes that too; play at *Shittle-cock*, and that too: No quality ſhe has, but ſhe ſhall take a very particuler knowledge of, and moſt Lady-like commend it to you; you ſhall haue her at any time read you the *Hiſtory* of her ſelfe, and very ſubtilly runne ouer another Ladies ſufficiences to come to her owne.

She has a good ſuperficiall iudgement in Painting; and would ſeeme to haue ſo in Poetry. A moſt compleate Lady in the opinion of ſome three beſide herſelfe.

Phi. Faith, how lik'd you my quipp to *Hedon*, about the garter? waſt not wittie?

Mor. Exceeding witty and *Integrate*: you did ſo *Aggranate* the Ieſt withall.

Phi. And did I not daunce moouingly laſt night?

Mor. Moouingly; out of meaſure (in troth) Sweete Lady.

Mer. A happy commendation, to daunce, out of meaſure.

Mor. Saue onely you wanted the ſwimi' the turne; O! when I was at fourteene——

Phi. Nay thats mine owne from any Nimph i' the Court) I am ſure on't) therefore you miſtake me in that Guardian; both the ſwimme, and the trip, are properly mine; euery body will affirme it, that has any iudgement in dauncing: I aſſure you.

Pha. Come now *Philautia* I am for you, ſhall we goe?

Phi. I good *Phantaſte*; What? ha' you chang'd your headtire?

Pha. Yes faith; th'other was ſo neare the common, it had no extraordinary grace; beſides, I had worne it almoſt a' day in good troath.

Phi. Ile be ſworne, this is moſt excellent for the deuiſe, and rare. Tis after the *Italian* print we look'd on tother night.

Pha. Tis ſo: by this fanne, I cannot abide any thing that ſauors the poore ouer-worne cut, that has any kindred with it; I muſt haue variety, I: this mixing in faſhion I hate it woorſe, then to burne Iuniper in my Chamber I proteſt.

Phi. And yet we cannot haue a new peculiar Court-tyre, but theſe *Retainers* will haue it; theſe *Suburbe-ſunday-waiters*, theſe Courtiers for *High daies*, I know not what I ſhould call 'hem.—

Pha. O I, they doo moſt pitifully Imitate; but I haue a tire a comming (I faith) ſhall——

Mor. In good certaine, Madame, it makes you looke moſt heauenly; but (lay your hand on your hart) you neuer ſkind a new beauty more proſperouſly in your life, nor more ſupernaturally; looke good Lady, ſweet Lady looke.

Phi.

Phi. Tis very cleere, and well beleeue me . But if you had ſeene mine yeaſterday when twas young, you would haue —— who's your Doctor *Phantaſte?*

Pha. Nay thats counſell *Philautia*, you ſhall pardon me :yet (Ile aſſure you)hee's the moſt dainty, ſweet, abſolute rare man, of the whole Colledge. O! his very lookes, his diſcourſe, his behauiour, all he doo's is Phiſick I proteſt.

Phi. For heauens ſake his name; good, deare, *Phantaſte* ——

Pha. No, no, no, no, no, no, (beleeue me) not for a Million of heauens: I will not make him cheape. Fie —— *Exeunt.*

Phi. There is a Nymph too of a moſt curious and elaborate ſtraine, light, all motion, an *Vbiquitary*, ſhe is euery where, *Phantaſte* ——

Mer. Her very name ſpeakes her; let her paſſe. But are theſe (*Cupid*) the ſtarres of *Cynthias* Court? doe theſe Nymphs attend vpon *Diana?*

Cup. They are in her Court (*Mercury*) but not as Starres; theſe neuer come in the preſence of *Cynthia*: the Nimphes that make her traine, are the diuine *Arete, Tima, Phroneſis, Thauma*, and others of that high ſort. Theſe are priuately brought in by *Moria* in this licencious time, againſt her knowledge; and (like ſo many *Meteors*) will vaniſh when ſhee appeares.

SCENA. 5.

Proſaites. Gelaia. Cos. Mercury. Cupid.

Cant.

Pro.

COme follow me my Wagges, and ſay as I ſay.
There's no ritches but in Ragges; hey day, hey day;
You that profeſſe this art. Come away; come away:
And helpe to beare a part. Hey day; hey day.

Beare-wards, & Blackingmē.
Corne-cutters, and Carmen.
Sellers of mar-king ſtones.
Gatherer's vp of Marow-bones
Pedlers, and Puppit-players.
Sow-gelders, and Sooth-ſaiers.
Gipſies and laylers,
Rat-catchers, and Raylers,
Beadles, and Ballad-ſingers.
Fidlers, and Fadingers.
Thomalins, and Tinkers.
Scauengers, and Skinkers.
There goes the Hare away.
Hey day, Hey day.

Bawds and blinde Doctors.
Paritors, and ſpittle Proctors.
Chymiſts, and Cuttlebungs.
Hookers, and Horne-thums.
With all caſt commaunders.
turnd Poſt-knights, or Pādars.
Iuglers, and Ieſters. { Beggars rime.
Borrowers of Teſters.
And all the troope of traſh
That're allied to the laſh,
Come, and ioyne with your lags
Shake vp your muſcle-bags.
For Beggary beares the ſway,
Then ſing: caſt care away,
Hey day, hey day.

Mer. What? thoſe that were our fellow Pages but now, ſo ſoone prefer'd to be Yeomen of the Bottles? the miſtery, the miſtery, good wagges?

Cup. Some dyet drinke, they haue the guard of.

Pro. No Sir, we are going in queſt of a ſtrange Fountaine, lately found out.

Cup. By whome?

Cos: My Maiſter or the great diſcouerer, *Amorphus.*

Mer. Thou haſt well intitled him *Cos,* for he will diſcouer all he knowes.

Gelaia. I and a little more too, when the ſpirit is vpon him.

Proſa. O the good trauelling Gentleman yonder, ha's cauſd ſuch a drought i'the Preſence, with reporting the wonders of this new water; that all the Ladies, and Gallants lie languiſhing vpon the Ruſhes, like ſo many pounded Cattle i'the midſte of Harueſt, ſighing one to another, and gaſping, as if each of them expected a Cocke from the Fountaine, to be brought into his mouth: and (without we returne quickly) they are all (as a youth

would

would say) no better then a few Trowts cast a shore, or a dish of Eeles in a Sand-bag.

Mer. Wel then, you were best dispatch & haue a care of them, Come *Cupid*, thou and Ile goe peruse this drye wonder.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

SCENA. 1.

Amorphus. Asotus.

Amor. Sir, let not this discountenance, or dis-gallant you a whit, you must not sinke vnder the first disaster; It is with your young Grammattical Courtier, as with your Neophyte-Player, a thing vsuall to be daunted at the first presence, or enter-view: you saw, there was *Hedon* & *Anaides*, (far more practisd gallants then your selfe) who were both out, to comfort you: It is no disgrace, no more, then for your aduenturous *Reueller* to fall by some in-auspicious chance in his Galliard, or for some subtill *Politician* to vndertake the Bastinado, that the State might thinke worthely of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What? hath your Tayler prouided the property (we spake of) at your Chamber, or no?

Aso. I thinke he has.

Amor. Nay, (I intreate you) be not so flat, and melancholique, erect your minde: you shall redeeme this with the Courtship I will teach you against afternoone: Where eate you to day?

Asot. Where you please Sir, any where I.

Amor. Come let vs go and taste some light dinner, A dish of slic'd *Caueare*, or so, and after you shall practise an hower at your lodging, some fewe formes that I haue remembred; If you had but (so farre) gathered your spirits to you, as to haue taken vp a Rushe (when you were out) and wagd it, thus; or clensde your teeth with it, or but turn'de aside, and fainde some businesse to whisper with your Page, till you had

recouer'd

recouer'd your ſelfe, or but found ſome ſlight ſtaine in your ſtocking, or any other pretty Inuention (ſo it had beene ſuddaine,) you might haue come off with a moſt eleare and Courtly grace.

Aſot. A poyſon of all, I thinke I was foreſpoake, I.

Amor. No, I do partly ayme at the cauſe (which was omenous indeed) for as you enter at the doore, there is oppoſ'de to you the frame of a Wolfe in the Hangings, which (your eye taking ſodainely) gaue a falſe Alarme to the heart; and that was it call'd your blood out of your face, and ſo diſordred the whole ranke of your ſpirits: I beſeech you labour to forget it.

Exeunt.

SCENA. 2.

Hedon. Anaides.

Hed. Heart, was there euer ſo proſperous an Inuention thus vnluckely peruerted, and ſpoyld, by a whoore-ſonne *Book-worme*, a *Candle-waſter*?

Ana. Nay, be not impatient, *Hedon.*

Hed. Slight, I would faine know his name.

Ana. Hang him poore *Grogran* Raſcall, pr'ythee thinke not of him: Ile ſend for him to my lodging, and ha' him blanketted when thou wilt, man.

Hed. By gods ſo; I would thou couldſt. Looke, here he coms. Laugh at him, laugh at him. Ha, ha, ha. *Criticus* paſſeth by.

Ana. Fough, he ſmels all Lamp-oyle, with ſtudying by Candle-light.

Hedon. How confidently hee went by vs; and careleſly! neuer moou'd! nor ſtird at any thing! Did you obſerue him?

Ana. I a poxe on him, let him goe, *Dormouſe*: hee is in a dreame now; He has no other time, to ſleepe but thus when he walkes abroade, to take the ayre.

Hed. Gods pretious, this afflicts me more then all the reſt, that

that we ſhould ſo particulerly direct our Hate, and Contempt againſt him; and he to carry it thus without wound or paſſion! tis inſufferable.

Anai. 'Slid, (my deare Enuy) if, thou but ſaiſt the word now, Ile vndoe him eternally for thee.

Hedon. How ſweete *Anaides?*

Anai. Marry halfe a ſcore of vs get him in (one night) and make him pawne his wit for a ſupper.

Hed. Away, thou haſt ſuch vnſeaſonable Ieſts. By this heauen I wonder at nothing more then our Gentlemen Vſhers; that will ſuffer a piece of *Serge*, or *Perpetuana*, to come into the Preſence: me thinkes, they, ſhould (out of their Experience) better diſtinguiſh the ſilken diſpoſition of a Courtier, then to let ſuch terrible courſe Rags mixe with 'hem, able to fret any ſmooth or gentile Society to the threds, with their *rubbing Deuiſes.*

Ana. Damne me, if I ſhould aduenture on his company once more, without a ſute of Buffe, to defend my wit: he do's nothing but ſtabbe the ſlaue: how miſcheiuouſly he croſt thy deuiſe of the *Propheſie* there? And *Moria* ſhe comes without her Muffe too; and there my inuention was loſt.

Hed. Well, I am reſolu'd, what Ile do.

Ana. What, my good ſpirituous Sparke?

Hed. Marry, ſpeake all the venome I can of him; and poyſon his reputation in euery place where I come.

Ana. 'Fore god moſt Courtly.

Hed. And if I chance to be preſent where any queſtion is made of his ſufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done priuate or publique; Ile cenſure it ſlightly, and ridiculouſly——

Ana. At any hand beware of that, ſo you may draw your owne iudgement, inſuſpect; No, Ile inſtruct thee what thou ſhalt doe, and by a ſafer meanes: approue any thing thou hear'ſt of his, to the receiud opinion of it; but if it be extraordinary, giue it from him to ſome other, whome thou more particulerly affect'ſt, that's the waye to plague him, and hee ſhall neuer come to defend himſelfe: Sblood, Ile giue out all he dos

is dictated from other men: and sweare it too (if thou'lt ha' me) and that I know the time, and place, where he stoale it: though my soule be guilty of no such thing; and that I thinke out of my hart, he hates such barren shifts; yet to doe thee a pleasure and him a disgrace, Ile damne my selfe, or do any thing.

Hed. Gramercies my deare Deuill: weele put it seriouslie in practise, I faith. *Exeunt.*

SCENA. 3.

Criticus.

Crit. Do good *Detraction*, do: and I the while
Shall shake thy spight off with a careleſſe smile.
Poore pitteous Gallants, what leane idle sleights
Their thoughts suggest to flatter their steru'd *Hopes*!
As if I knew not how to entertaine
These Straw-deuises; but of force must yeeld
To the weake stroake of their calumnious tongues.
Why should I care what euery *Dor* doth buzze
In credulous eares? it is a Crowne to me,
That the best iudgements can report me wrong'd;
Them Liars; and their slanders impudent.
Perhaps (vpon the rumor of their speeches)
Some grieued friend will whisper, *Criticus*,
Men speake ill of thee: So they be ill men,
If they spake worse, twere better: For of such
To be dispraiſ'd, is the most perfect praise.
What can his Censure hurt me, whom the world
Hath censur'd vile before me? If good *Chrestus*,
Euthus, or *Phronimus*, had spoake the words,
They would haue moou'd me; & I should haue cal'd
My thoughts and Actions to a strict accompt
Vpon the hearing: But when I remember
Tis *Hedon* and *Anaides*: Alasse, then,
I thinke but what they are, and am not stir'd:
The one, a light voluptuous *Reueller*,

The other a ſtrange arrogating *Puffe*,
Both impudent, and ignorant enough;
That talke (as they are wont) not as I merit;
Traduce by Cuſtome, as moſt Dogs do barke,
Do nothing out of iudgment, but diſeaſe;
Speake ill, becauſe they neuer could ſpeake well:
And who'ld be angry with this race of Creatures?
What wiſe Phiſitian haue we euer ſeene
Moou'd with a frantique man? the ſame affects
That he doth beare to his ſicke Patient,
Should a right minde carry to ſuch as theſe:
And I do count it a moſt rare Reuenge,
That I can thus (with ſuch a ſweet neglect)
Pluck from them all the pleaſure of their Mallice.
For that's the marke of all their enginous drifts,
To wound my Patience (how ſoe're they ſeeme
To ayme at other obiects) which if miſt,
Their Enuy's like an Arrow ſhot vpright,
That in the fall endangers their owne heads.

SCENA. 4.

Arete. Criticus.

Aret. What *Criticus?* where haue you ſpent the day.
You haue not viſited your iealous friends?
Crit. Where I haue ſeene (moſt honor'd *Arete*,)
The ſtrangeſt Pageant, faſhion'd like a Court,
(At leaſt I dreamp't I ſaw it) ſo diffuſ'd,
So painted, pyed, and full of *Raine-bow* ſtraines;
As neuer yet (eyther by Time, or Place)
Was made the foode to my diſtaſted Sence:
Nor can my weake imperfect Memory
Now render halfe the formes vnto my tongue,
That were conuolu'd within this thrifty Roome.
Here, ſtalkes me by, a proud, and ſpangled Sir,

That lookes three handfuls higher then his *fore-top*;
Sauors himselfe alone, is only kind
And louing to himselfe: One that will speake
More darke and doubtfull then sixe *oracles*;
Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch,
Is his owne Chronicle, and scarce can eate
For registring himselfe; is waited on,
By *Mimiques, Iesters, Pandars, Parasites*,
And other such like Prodigies of men.
He past; there comes some subtill *Proteus*: One
Can thange, and vary with all formes he sees;
Be any thing but honest; serues the time;
Houers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both; which (with crosse face) he beares
To the deuided heads, and is receiu'd
With mutuall grace of eyther: One that dares
Do deeds worthy the Hurdle, or the Wheele,
To be thought some body; and is (in sooth)
Such as the Satyrist points truly foorth,
Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, mensas:
Aret. You tell vs wonders *Critius*.
Crit. Tut, this is nothing.
There stands a *Neophyte*, glazing of his face,
Against his Idoll enters; and repeats,
(Like an vnperfect *Prologue*, at third Musique)
His part of speeches, and confederate Iests
In passion to himselfe; Another sweares
His *Scene* of Courtship ouer, and then seemes
As he would kisse away his hand in kindnesse;
A third, is most in Action; swims, and frisks,
Playes with his mistresse paps, salutes her pomps;
Will spend his Patrimonie for a Garter,
Or the least fether in her bounteous Fanne:
A fourth, he onely comes in for a Mute,
Diuides the *Act* with a dumbe shew, and *Exit*,
Then must the Ladies laugh: streight comes their *Scene*;

A ſixth times worſe Confuſion then the Reſt.
Where you ſhall heare one talke of this mans *Eye*;
Another of his *Lip*, a third, his *Noſe*;
A fourth commend his *Leg*, a fifth his *Foote*,
A ſixth his *Hand*, and euery one a lim;
That you would thinke the poore diſtorted Gallant
Muſt there expire: Then fall they in diſcourſe
Of Tires, and Faſhions; how they muſt take place:
Where they may kiſſe; and whom: when to ſit down;
And with what grace to riſe: if they ſalute,
What curteſie they muſt vſe; ſuch *Cob-web* ſtuffe,
As would enforce the commonſt ſence abhorre
Th' *Arachnean* workers.

Aret. Patience *Criticus*.
This knot of Spiders will be ſoone diſſolu'd,
And all their webbes ſwept out of *Cynthias* Court,
When once her glorious Deity appeares,
And but preſents it ſelfe in her full light:
Till when, goe in: and ſpend your howers with vs
Your honor'd friends *Time*, and *Phroneſis*,
In contemplation of our Goddeſſe name:
Thinke on ſome ſweet, and choyſe Inuention now,
(Worthy her ſerious, and illuſtrous Eyes)
That from the merit of it we may take
Deſier'd occaſion to prefer your worth,
And make your ſeruice knowne to *Cynthia*:
It is the pride of *Arete* to grace
Her ſtudious louers; and (in ſcorne of *Time*,
Enuy, and *Ignorance*) to lift their ſtate
Aboue a vulgar height. *True Happineſſe*
Conſiſts not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth, and choyſe; Nor would I haue
Vertue, a popular Reguard purſew;
Let them be good that loue me, though but few.

Crit. I kiſſe thy hands, diuineſt *Arete*,
And vowe my ſelfe to thee, and *Cynthia*. *Exeunt.*

SCENA. 5.

Amorphus. Asotus.

Amo. A little more forward; So Sir. Now goe in, dis-cloake your selfe, and come forth. Taylor; bestow thy absence vpon vs; and be not prodigall of this secret, but to a deare Customer. Tis wel enter'd Sir. Stay you come on too fast; your Pace is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the *Pallace* of your *Pleasure*, or Place where your Lady is pleas'd to be seene: First you present your selfe thus; and spying her you fall off, and walke some two turnes; in which time it is to be suppos'd your Passion hath sufficiently whited your Face? then (stifling a sigh or two, and closing your lippes) with a trembling boldnesse, and bolde terror; you aduance your selfe forward. Try thus much I pray you.

Asot. Yes Sir, (pray god I can light on it) Here I come in you say: and present my selfe?

Amor. Good.

Asot. And then I spy her, and walke off?

Amor. Very good.

Asot. Now sir I stiffle, and aduance forward?

Amor. Trembling.

Asot. Yes Sir, trembling, I shal do it better when I come to it. And what must I speake now?

Amor. Mary you shall say; *Deare Beauty, or sweete Honor*, or by what other title you please to remember her) *me thinkes you are Melancholy*. This is if she be alone now and discompanied.

Asot. Well Sir, Ile enter againe; her title shall be *My deare Lindabrides*.

Amor. Lindabrides?

Asot. I Sir, the Emperour *Alicandro's* Daughter, and the Prince *Meridians* sister (in the Knight of the Sunne) she should haue been married to him, but that the Princesse *Claridiana*—

Amor. O you betray your reading.

Asot.

Asot. Nay Sir, I haue read History: I am a little *Humanitian*. Interrupt me not, good Sir. *My deare Lindabrides, My deare Lindabrides, My deare Lindabrides, me thinkes you are Melancholy.*

Amor. I, and take her by the Rosie-fingerd hand.

Asot. Must I so? O: *My deare Lindabrides, me thinkes you are Melancholie.*

Amor. Or thus Sir. *All variety of diuine pleasures, choyse sports, sweete Musique, rich Fare, braue Attires, soft Beds, & silken thoughes, attend this deare Beauty.*

Asot. Beleeue me that's prerty: *All varietie of diuine pleasures, choyse sports, sweet Musique, rich Fare, braue Attires, soft Beds, and silken thonghts, attend this deare Beauty.*

Amor. And then, offring to kisse her hand, if she shall coyly recoyle, and signifie your repulse; you are to re-enforce your selfe with, *More then most faire Lady; let not the Rigor of your iust disdaine thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale:* and (with-all) protest her, *To be the onely, and absolute vn-paraleld Creature, you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this Court, Corner of the world, or Kingdome.*

Asot. This is hard by my faith: Ile begin it all againe.

Amor. Do so, and I will Act it for your Lady.

Asot. Will you vouchsafe sir? *All varietie of diuine pleasures, choise Sports, sweete Musique, rich Fare, braue Attire, soft Beds, and silken thoughts, attend this deare Beauty.*

Amor. So Sir, pray you a way.

Asot. *More then most faire Lady, let not the Rigor of your iust disdaine, thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale, I protest you are the only and absolute vn-aparailed*——

Amo. Vn-paraleld.

Asot. *Vn-paraleld Creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this Court, Corner of the world, or kingdome.*

Amor. This is if shee abide you: But now; put case shee should be Passant when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your Gate ther'after, and call vpon her: *Lady, Nimph,*

Sweete

Sweete Refuge, Starre of our Court: Then if shee be Guardant, here: you are to come on, and (laterally disposing your selfe,) sweare by her *blushing and well coulored cheeke: the bright dye of her hayre, her Iuorie teeth*, or some such white and Innocent oath, to induce you. If Reguardant; then, maintein your station, Briske, and Irpe, shew the supple motion of your plyant body: but (in chiefe) of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proude Humor exceedingly.

Asot. I conceiue you sir, I shall performe all these things in good time, I doubt not, they do so hit me.

Amo. Well Sir, I am your Lady; make vse of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your owne inuention: and prooue how you can holde vp, and follow it. Say. Say.

Asot. Yes Sir: my deare *Lindabrides*.

Amo. No, you affect that *Lindabrides* too much: And (let me tell you) it is not so Courtly. Your *Pedant* should prouide you some parcels of French, or some pretty Commodity of Italian to commence with, if you would be exotick, and exquisite.

Asot. Yes Sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning. I gaue him a Doublet.

Amo. Double your beneuolence, and giue him the Hose too; cloathe you his body, hee will helpe to apparaile your minde. But now, see what your proper *Genius* can performe alone, without adiection of any other *Minerua*.

Asot. I comprehend you sir.

Amo. I do stand you Sir: fall backe to your first place. Good; passing well: Very properly pursewd.

Asot. Beautifull, ambiguous, and sufficient Lady. What are you all alone.

Amo. We would be Sir, if you would leaue vs.

Asot. I am at your beauties appointment: *bright Angell*; but——

Amo. What but?

Asot. No harme, *more then most faire feature*.

Amo. That touch relished well.

Asot.

Asot. But I protest.

Amo. And why should you protest?

Asot. For good will (*deare esteem'd Madam*) and I hope your Ladiship will so conceiue of it: *If euer you haue seene great* TAMBERLAINE.

Amor. O that *Blanke* was excellent: if you could pick out more of these *Play-particles*, and (as occasion shall salute you) embroyder or damaske your discourse with them (perswade your soule) it would iudiciously commend you: Come, this was a well-discharg'd and auspicious Bout: prooue the second.

Asot. Lady, I cannot swagger it in *Black* and *Yellow*.

Amo. Why if you can Reuell it in *White* Sir, 'tis sufficient.

Asot. Say you so *Sweete Lady? Lan, tede de, de, dant, dant, dant, dante, &c.* No (in good faith) Madame, whosoeuer tould your Ladyship so, abus'd you; but I would be glad to meete your Ladiship in a measure.

Amor. Me Sir? beelike you measure me by your selfe then?

Asot. Would I might *Fayre Feature*.

Amor. And what were you the better, if you might?

Asot. The better it please you to aske, *Fayre Lady*.

Amo. Why this was rauishing, and most acutely continew'd; Well, spend not your humor too much, you haue now competently exercised your Conceipt: This (once or twise a day (wil render you an accomplisht, elaborate, and well leueled Gentleman; conuay in your *Courting-stock*, wee will (in the heate of this) goe visite the Nymphs *Chamber*.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

SCENA. 1.

Phantaste. Philautia. Argurion. Moria. Cupid.

Phan. I would this water would arriue once our trauayling friend so commended to vs.

Arg. So would I, for he has left all vs in trauaile, with expectation of it.

Pha. Pray *Ioue*, I neuer rise from this Couch, if euer I thirsted more for a thing, in my whole time of being a Courtier.

Phi. Nor I, Ile be sworne; the very mention of it sets my lippes in a worse heate, then if he had sprinkled them with *Mercury*. Reach me the glasse Sirah.

Cup. Heere Lady.

Mor. They do not peele sweete charge? do they?

Phi. Yes a little *Guardian*.

Mor. O 'tis a imminent good signe. Euer when my lippes do so, I am sure to haue some delicious good drinke or other approaching.

Arg. Mary & this may be good for vs Ladies: for (it seemes) tis far-fet by their stay.

Moria. My pallat for yours (*deare Honor*) it shall prooue most elegant I warrant you: O, I do fancie this geare thats long a comming, with an vnmeasurable strayne.

Pha. Pray thee sit downe *Philautia*, that Rebatu beecoms thee singularly.

Phi. Ist not queynt?

Pha. Yes faith: me thinkes thy seruant *Hedon* is nothing so obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be; I know not how, Hee's growne out of his Garbe a-late, hee's warp't.

Mor.

Mor. In trueneſſe, and ſo me thinkes too, he's much conuerted.

Phi. Tut; let him bee what he will, 'tis an *Animall* I dreame not of. This tire (me thinkes) makes me looke very Ingenuouſly, quick, and ſpirited: I ſhould be ſome *Laura*, or ſome *Delia* me thinkes.

Mor. As I am wiſe (faire honors) that title ſhe gaue him, to be her *Ambition*, ſpoild him: Before, he was the moſt propitious, and obſeruant young Nouice.——

Pha. No, no; you are the whole heauen awry *Guardian*, 'tis the ſwaggering tilt-horſe *Anaides* drawes with him there, has beene the diuerter of him.

Phi. For *Cupids* ſake ſpeake no more of him; would I might neuer dare to looke in a Mirror againe, if I reſpect ere a *Marmaſet* of them all, otherwiſe, then I would a Fether, or my *Shittle-cock*, to make ſport with, now and then.

Pha. Come ſit downe; troath (and you be good *Beauties*) lets run ouer 'hem all now: Which is the properſt man amongſt them? I ſay the Trauailer, *Amorphus*.

Phi. O fie on him: he lookes like a Dutch Trumpetter i'the battell of *Lepanto*, in the gallery yonder; and ſpeakes to the tune of a country Lady, that comes euer i'the rere ward, or traine of a Faſhion.

Mor. I ſhould haue iudgement, in a feature ſweet Beauties.

Pha. A body would thinke ſo, at theſe yeares.

Mor. And I prefer another now, farre before him, A million at leaſt.

Pha. Who might that be *Guardian*?

Mor. Mary (*faire Charge*) *Anaides*.

Pha. *Anaides*? you talk't of a tune *Philautia*, theres one ſpeakes in a Key: like the opening of ſome *Iuſtices* gate, or a *Poſt-Boyes* horne, as if his voyce fear'd an Arreſt for ſome ill words it ſhould giue, and were loath to come forth.

Phi. I, and he has a very imperfect face.

Pha. Like a ſqueez'd *Orenge*, ſower, ſower.

Phi. His Hand's too great to; by at leaſt a ſtrawes breadth.

Pha. Nay he has a woorse fault then that too.

Phi. A long heele?

Pha. That were a fault in a Lady rather then him: No, they say he puts of the Calues of his legges with his Stockings euery night.

Phi. Out vpon him: turne to another of the Pictures for Gods sake. What saies *Argurion*? whom do's she commend afore the rest?

Cupid. I hope I haue instructed her sufficiently for an answere.

Mor. Troth I made the motion to her Lady-ship for one to day i'the Presence, but it appear'd shee was other wayes furnisht before; She would none.

Pha. Who was that *Argurion*?

Mor. Mary the little, poore, plaine Gentlemã i'the black there.

Pha. Who? *Criticus*?

Arg. I, I, he; A fellow that no body so much as lookt vpon, or regarded, and she would haue had me done him particuler grace.

Pha. That was a true trick of your selfe *Moria*, to perswade *Argurion* affect the scholler.

Arg. Tut; but she shalbe no chooser for me. In good faith I like the Citizens sonne there *Asotus*, mee thinkes, none of them all come neare him.

Pha. Not *Hedon*?

Arg. *Hedon*, in troth no. *Hedon's* a pretty slight Courtier, and he weares his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion; marry his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No; th'other is a most delicate youth, a sweete face, a streight body, a well proportion'd legge, and foote, a white hand, a tender voyce.

Phi. How now *Argurion*?

Pha. O you should haue let her alone, she was bestowing a Coppy of him vpon vs.

Phi. Why she doates more palpably vpon him, then ere his Father did vpon her.

Pha.

Pha. Beleeue me, the young gentleman deserues it; if she could doate more t'were not amisse: He is an exceeding proper youth, and would haue made a most neate *Barber-surgeon*, if he had beene put to it in time.

Phi. Say you so? me thinkes, he lookes like a Taylor already.

Pha. I, that had said on one of his Customers suites.

Arg. Wel Ladyes, Ieste on: the best of you both would be glad of such a seruant.

Mor. I, Ile be sworne would they: Go to *Beauties*, make much of *Time*, and *Place*, and *Occasion*, and *Opportunity*, and *Fauorites*, and things that belong to them; for Ile ensure you, they will all relinquish; they cannot endure aboue another yeere; I know it out of future experience, and therefore take exhibition, and warning: I was once a Reueller my selfe, and though I speake it (as mine owne Trumpet) I was then esteemd——

Phi. The very Marchpane of the *Court* I warrant?

Pha. And all the Gallants came about you like flies, did they not?

Mor. Go to; they did somewhat, that's no matter now. Here comes *Hedon*.

SCENA. 2.

Hedon. Anaides. Mercury. Phantaste. Philautia. Moria. Argurion. Cupid.

Hed. Saue you sweete and cleare beauties: By the spirit that moones in me, you are almost pleasingly bestow'd Ladies. Only, I can take it for no good *Omen*, to finde mine *Honor* so dejected.

Phi. You need not feare Sir, I did of purpose humble my selfe against your comming, to decline the pride of my *Ambition*.

Hed. Fayre *Honor*, *Ambition* dares not stoope; but if it be your sweet pleasure, I shall loose that Title; I will (as I am *Hedon*)

Hedon) apply my selfe to your bounties.

Phi. That were the next way to distitle my selfe of *Honor*: O no, rather be still *Ambitious* I pray you.

Hed. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to be your selfe Lady. Sweete *Phantaste*, Deare *Moria*, mott beautifull *Argurion*.——

Anai. Farewell *Hedon*.

Hed. *Anides*, Stay: wether go you?

Anai. 'Slight, what should I do here? and you engrose 'hem all for your owne vse, 'tis time for me to seeke out.

Hed. I engrose 'hem? Away mischiefe, this is one of your extrauagant Iests now, because I began to salute 'hem by their names——

Anai. Faith you might haue spar'de vs Madame *Prudence* the *Guardian* there, though you had more couetously aymde at the rest.

Hed. 'Shart, take 'hem all man; what speake you to me of ayming or Couetous?

Anai. I, say you so? nay then, haue at 'hem: Ladies, heer's one hath distinguish'd you by your names already; It shall onely become me, to aske; *How you doe?*

Hed. Gods so, was this the disseigne you trauel'd with?

Pha. Who answers the *Brazen head*? it spoke to some body?

Anai. Lady *Wisedome*, do you Interprete for these puppets?

Mor. In truth, and sadnesse (*Honors*) you are in great offence for this; goe too, the Gentleman (Ile vnderrake with him) is a man of faire liuing, and able to maintaine a Lady in her two *Coaches* a day, besides *Pages*, *Munkeys*, and *Parachitos*, with sutch attendants as she shall thinke meete for her turne; and therefore there is more respect requirable, how soeuer you seeme to conniue: Hearke you Sir, let me discourse a syllable with you. I am to say to you, these Ladyes are not of that close, and open behauiour, as happily you may suspend; their Cariadge is well knowne to be such as it should be, both *gentle* and *extraordinary*.

Mer. O here comes the other Payre.

SCENA. 3.

Amorphus. Asotus. Hedon. Anaides. Mercurie. Cupid. Phantaste. Philautia. Argurion. Moria.

Amor. That was your Fathers Loue, the *Nymph Argurion.* I would haue you direct all your Courtship thither, if you could but endeare your selfe to her affection, you were eternally engallanted.

Asot. In truth Sir? pray *Phœbus* I prooue fauorsome in her fayre eyes.

Amor. All diuine mixture, and encrease of beauty, to this bright *Beuy* of *Ladyes*; and to the male-*Courtiers* Complement, and Courtesie.

Hed. In the behalfe of the Males, I gratifie you *Amorphus.*

Phan. And I of the Females.

Amor. Succinctly spoken: I doe vale to both your thanks, and kisse them; but primarily to yours, *Most ingenious, acute,* and *polite* Lady.

Phi. Gods my life, how he do's all to be qualifie her? *Ingenious, Acute,* and *Polite?* as if there were not others in place, as *Ingenious, Acute,* and *Polite,* as she.

Hed. Yes, but you must know Lady, he cannot speake out of a *Dictionary* method.

Phan. Sit downe sweete *Amorphus.* When will this water come thinke you?

Amor. It cannot now be long fayre Lady.

Cup. Now obserue *Mercury.*

Asot. How most Ambiguous beauty? Loue you? that I will by this Hand-kercher.

Mer. 'Slid he drawes his oathes out of his pocket.

Arg. But will you be constant?

Asotus. Constant Madame? I will not say for Constantnesse, but by this Purse (which I would bee loath to sweare by, vnlesse 'twere embroyder'd)

I pro-

I protest (more then most fayre Lady) you are the onely, absolute and vn-paraleld Creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence in this Court, Corner of the world, or Kingdome, Me thinkes you are Melancholy.

Arg. Do's your heart speake all this?

Asot. Say you?

Mer. O he is groaping for another oath.

Asot. Now *by this Watch* (I marle how forward the day is) I do vnfaignedly vowe my selfe ('Slight 'tis deeper then I tooke it, past fiue) your's entirely addicted, Madame.

Arg. I require no more deerest *Asotus*, henee-forth let me call you mine; and in remembrance of me, voutchsafe to weare this Chaine, and this Diamond.

Asot. O god sweete Lady.

Cup. There are new oathes for him: what? dooth *Hermes* taste no Alteration in all this?

Mer. Yes, thou hast strooke *Argurion* enamour'd on *Asotus* me thinkes?

Cup. Alasse no; I am nobody, I: I can do nothing in this disguise.

Mercu. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, *Cupid*?

Cup. Not yet: it is enough that I haue begunne so prosperously.

Arg. Tut, these are nothing to the Gems I will howerly bestow vpon thee: be but faithfull and kinde to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties: beholde here my Bracelets from mine Armes.

Asot. Not so good Lady, *By this Diamond.*

Arg. Take 'hem; weare 'hem: my Iewels, Chaine of Pearle, Pendants, all I haue.

Asot. Nay then, *by this Pearle* You make me a Wanton.

Cup. Shall not she answere for this, to mainteine him thus in swearing?

Mer. O, no, there is away to weane him from this: the Gentleman may be reclaim'd.

Cup.

Cup. I, if you had the ayring of his apparell *Cosse*, I thinke.

Asot. Louing? 'twere pitty I should be liuing else, beleeue me. Saue you Sir. Saue you sweete Lady, Saue you *Mounsieur Anaides*; Saue you deare Madame.

Ana. Doo'st thou knowe him that saluted thee, *Hedon*?

Hedon. No, some idle *Fungoso* I warrant you.

Ana. 'Sbloud, I neuer saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly, as if we had knowne together, since the first yeare of the siege of *Troy*.

Amor. A most right-handed, and auspicious encounter. Confine your selfe to your fortunes.

Phi. For gods sake lets haue some *Riddles* or Purposes; hough.

Pha. No faith, your *Prophecies* are best, the tother are stale.

Phi. *Prophecies*? wee cannot all fit in at them; we shall make a confusion: no; what calde you that we had in the forenoone?

Pha. *Substantiues*, and *Adiectiues*. Ist not *Hedon*?

Phi. I that, who begins?

Pha. I haue thought; speake your *Adiectiues* Sirs?

Phi. But doe not you change then.

Pha. Not I, Who sayes?

Mor. *Odoriferous*.

Phi. *Popular*.

Arg. *Humble*.

Anai. *White-liuer'd*.

Hedon. *Barbarous*.

Amor. *Pythagoricall*.

Hedon. Yours *Signior*.

Asot. What must I doe Sir?

Amor. Giue foorth your *Adiectiue* with the rest; as *Prosperous*, *Good*, *Faire*, *Sweete*, *Well*.

Hed. Any thing that hath not bin spoken.

Asot. Yes Sir: *Well-spoken* shall be mine.

Pha. What? ha you all doone.

Omnes. I.

Pha. Then the Substantiue is *Breeches.* Why *Odoriferous* Breeches *Guardian?*

Mor. *Odoriferous*, because *Odoriferous*: that which containes most variety of sauor, and smell, we say is most *Odoriferous:* now Breeches I presume are incident to that variety, and therefore, *Odoriferous* Breeches.

Pha. Well, we must take it howsoeuer, who's next, *Phi. Iautia.*

Phi. *Popular.*

Pha. Why *Popular* Breeches?

Phi. Mary that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in Court; but will presse footh on common Stages, and Brokers stalls, to the publique view of the world.

Pha. Good: why *Humble* Breeches? *Arguricn.*

Arg. *Humble*, because they vse to be sat vpon; besides if you tye 'hem not vp, their propertie is to fall downe about your heeles.

Mer. Shee has worne the Breeches it seemes which haue done so.

Phan. But why *White-liuerd?*

Anai. Why? 'Sharte are not their linings white? besides, when they come in swaggering company, and will pocket vp any thing; may they not properly bee said to bee *White-liuerd?*

Phan. O yes, wee cannot deny it. And why *Barbarous*, *Hedon?*

Hedon. *Barbarous*, because commonly when you haue worne your Breeches sufficiently, you giue them to your *Barber.*

Amor. That's good: but now *Pythagoricall?*

Pha. I, *Amorphus.* Why *Pythagoricall* Breeches?

Amor. O most kindly of all, 'tis a conceit of that Fortune; I am bould to hug my braine for.

Phan. How ist, *Exquisite Amorphus?*

Amor.

Amor. O I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy.

Phi. Nay doe not rack vs thus?

Amor. I neuer truly reliſht my ſelfe before. Giue me your eares. Breeches *Pythagoricall*, by reaſon of their tranſmigration into ſeuerall ſhapes.

Moria. Moſt rare in ſweete troth. Mary this young Gentleman, for his *Well-ſpoken* ——

Phan. I, why *Well-ſpoken* Breeches?

Aſot. *Well-ſpoken*: mary *well-ſpoken*, becauſe whatſoeuer they ſpeake is well taken, and whatſoeuer is well taken, is *well-ſpoken*.

Moria. Excellent: beleeue me.

Aſot. Not ſo Ladyes neither.

Hedon. But why Breeches now?

Phan. Breeches *quaſi Beare-riches*; when a gallant beares all his Ritches in his Breeches.

Phi. In good faith theſe vnhappy Pages, would be whipt for ſtaying thus.

Moria. Beſhrew my hand, and my hart elſe.

Amor. I do wonder at their protraction.

Anai. Pray God my whore haue not diſcouer'd her ſelfe to the raſkally Boyes, and that be the cauſe of their ſtay.

Aſot. I muſt ſute my ſelfe with another Page; this idle *Proſaites* will neuer be brought to waite well.

Mor. Sir I haue a kinſeman I could willingly wiſh to your ſeruice, if you would deigne to accept of him.

Aſot. And I ſhalbe glad (moſt ſweet Lady) to imbrace him; where is he?

Mor. I can fetch him Sir, but I would be loath to make you turne away your other Page.

Aſot. You ſhall not moſt ſufficient Lady. I will keepe both: pray you lets go ſee him. *Exeunt.*

Arg. Whether goes my Loue? (Lady.

Aſot. Ile returne preſently; I go but to ſee a Page with this

Anaid. As ſure as Fate 'tis ſo; ſhee ha's opened all: A poxe of all *Cocatrices*. Damne mee if ſhee haue playde

looſe with me, Ile cut her throate within a hayres bredth, ſo it may be heald againe. *Exit.*

Mercu. What is he Iealous of his *Hermaphrodite*?

Cup. O I, this will be excellent ſporte.

Phi. Phantaſte, Argurion, what? you are ſodainly ſtroake me thinkes; for Gods will lets ha' ſome Muſique till they come. *Ambition* reach the *Lyra* I pray you.

Hedon. Any thing to which my *Honor* ſhall direct me.

Phi. Come *Amorphus*; cheare vp *Phantaſte.*

Amor. It ſhall be my pride faire Lady to attempt all that is in my power. But heere is an Inſtrument that (alone) is able to infuſe ſoule in the moſt melancholique, and dull diſpoſde Creature vpon earth; O! let me kiſſe thy faire knees: Beauteous eares attend it.

Hedon. Will you haue the Kiſſe *Honor.*

Phi. I good *Ambition.*

Ode.

O That Ioy ſo ſoone ſhould waſt!
or ſo ſweet a bliſſe
as a Kiſſe,
Might not for euer laſt!
So ſugred, ſo melting, ſo ſoft, ſo delicious,
The dew that lyes on Roſes,
When the Morne *her ſelfe diſcloſes,*
is not ſo pretious:
O, rather then I would it ſmother,
Were I to taſte ſuch another;
It ſhould be my wiſhing
That I might dye kiſſing.

Hedon.

Hedon. I made this *Ditty* and the *Note* to it vpon a kisse that my *Honor* gaue me; how like you it Sir.

Amor. A pretty *Ayre*; in generall I like it well. But in particuler, your long *die-Note* did arride me most, but it was somwhat too long: I can shew one, almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long; in a Composition of mine owne: I thinke I haue both the *Note*, and *Ditty* about me.

Hed. Pray you Sir see.

Amor. Yes there is the *Note*; and all the parts if I mis-thinke not. I will reade the *Ditty* to your Beauties here, but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents it selfe thus. Vpon a time, going to take my leaue of the *Emperour*, and kisse his great handes; there being then present, the Kings of *Fraunce*, and *Arragon*, the Dukes of *Sauoy*, *Florence*, *Orleance*, *Bourbon*, *Brunswick*, the *Lantgraue*, *Count Palatine*, all which had seuerally feasted me; besides infinite more of inferiour persons, as Earles, and others: it was my chance (the *Emperour* detain'd by some other affayre) to waite him the fifth part of an houre, or much nere it. In which time (retiring my selfe into a Bay-window) I encountred the Lady *Annabel* neice to the *Empresse*, and sister to the king of *Arragon*; who (hauing neuer before eyde me, but onely heard the common report of my Vertue, Learning, and Trauaile) fell into that extremity of passion, for my loue, that she there immediatly sounded: *Phisitians* were sent for; she had to her chamber; so to her bed; where (languishing some few daies) after many times calling vpon me, with my name in her mouth, she expirde. As that (I must needes say) is the onely fault of my Fortune, that as it hath euer bin my hap to be sew'd to by all Ladies, and *Beauties* where I haue come; so, I neuer yet soiourn'd, or rested in that place, or part of the world, where some great and admirable faire Creature died not for my loue.

Mer. O the sweete power of trauaile, are you guilty of this *Cupid*?

Cup. No *Mercury*; and that his page (*Cos*) knowes, and he were here present to be sworne.

Phi. But how doth this draw on the *Ditty* Sir.

Mer. O she is to quick with him; he hath not deuis'd that yet.

Amor. Marry some houre beefore shee departed, she bequeath'd to me this *Glous*; which the *Emperour* himselfe tooke care to send after me, in sixe Coaches, couer'd all with blacke veluet, attended by the state of his *Empire*; all which he freely gaue me, and I reciprocally (out of the same bounty) gaue it to the Lords that brought it: onely reseruing, and respecting, the gift of the deceasde Lady, vpon which I compos'd this *Ode*, and set it to my most affected Instrument the *Lyra*.

Ode.

THou more then most sweete Gloue,
Vnto my more sweete Loue;
Suffer me to store, with kisses
This empty lodging, that now misses
The pure Rosie hand that ware thee,
Whiter then the Kid *that bare thee:*
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupids *selfe hath kist it ofter,*
Then ere he did his mothers Doues,
Supposing her the Queene *of* Loues
That was thy Mistris
Best of Gloues.

Mer. Blasphemy, Blasphemy *Cupid.*

Cup. I, Ile reuenge it time inough; *Hermes.*

Phi. Good *Amorphus*, let's here it sung.

Amor.

Amor. I care not to do that, since it pleaseth *Philautia* to request it.

Hed. Heere Sir.

Amor. Nay play it I pray you, you do well, you do well: how like you it Sir? *He sings.*

Hed. Very well in troath.

Amor. But very well? O you are a meere *Mammothrept* in iudgement then: why do you not obserue how excellently the *Ditty* is affected in euery place? that I do not marry a word of short quantity, to a long *Note*, nor an ascending Sillable to a discending Tone, Besides vpon the worde *Best* there, you see how I do enter with an odde *Minnum*, and driue it thorough the *Briefe*, which no intelligent *Musitian* (I know) but will affirme to bee very rare, extraordinary, and pleasing.

Mer. And yet not fit to lament the death of a Lady for all this.

Cup. Tut heere be they will swallow any thing.

Phantast. Pray you let mee haue a coppy of it *Amorphus.*

Phi. And me too, in troath I like it exceedingly.

Amor. I haue denyed it to Princes, neuertheless to you (*the true Female Twinnes of Perfection*) I am wonne to depart withall.

Hed. I hope I shall haue my *Honors* coppy.

Pha. You are *Ambitious* in that *Hedon.* Enter *Anaides.*

Amor. How now *Anaides*? what is it hath coniur'd vp this distemperature in the circle of your face?

Anai. 'Sblod what haue you to do? A pox of God o' your filthy trauailing Beard; hold your tongue.

Hed. Nay, dost heare mischiefe?

Anai. Away *Musk-cat.*

Amor. I say to thee: Thou art rude, impudent, course, impolisht; a Frapler, and base.

Hed.

Hed. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has halfe a yeeres haunting of Ordinaries wrought in this fellow? that came with a *Tuff-taffata* Ierkin to Towne but th'other day, and now hee is turn'd *Hercules*, hee wants but a Club.

Anai. Sir, I will garter my hose with your guttes; and that shall be all. *Exit.*

Mercur. 'Slid what rare fire workes bee heere? flash, flash.

Pha. What's the matter *Hedon?* can you tell?

Hed. Nothing but that he lacks mony, & thinkes weele lend him some to be friends. *Enter Asot. Mor. Morus.*

Asot. Come sweete Lady, in good truth ile haue it, you shall not deny me; *Morus* perswade your Aunt I may haue her picture, by any meanes.

Morus. Yes Sir: good Aunt now, let him haue it; he will vse me the better, if you loue me, do good Aunt.

Moria. Well, tell him he shall haue it.

Morus. Maister, you shall haue it, she saies;

Asot. Shall I? thanke her good Page.

Cup. What has he entertaind the *Foole?*

Mer. I, heele waite close you shall see, though the *Begger* hang off.

Morus. Aunt my maister thankes you.

Moria. Call him hether.

Morus. Yes: maister.

Moria. Yes in very truth, and gaue me this Purse, and he ha's promis'd me a most fine Dog; which he will haue drawne with my Picture, and desires most vehemently to be knowne to your Ladyshipps.

Pha. Call him hether, 'tis good groping such a Gull.

Moria. Maister *Asotus.* Maister *Asotus.*

Asot. For Gods sake, let me go: you see, I am call'd to the Ladies.

Argu. Wilt thou forsake me then?

Asotus, Gods so, what would you haue mee doe?

Moria.

Moria. Come hither maister *Asotus*; I do ensure your Ladyships, he is a Gentleman of a very worthy desart; and of a most bountifull nature. You must shew and insinuate your selfe responsible, and equiualent now to my commendment. Good *Honors* grace him.

Asot. *I protest (more then most faire Ladyes) I doe wish all variety of diuine pleasure, choyse sport, sweete Musique, riich Fare, braue Attyres, soft Beds,* and *silken Thoughts, attend these fayre* Beauties. Will it please your Ladyship to weare this Chaine of Pearle, and this Diamond for my sake.

Arg. O.

Asot. And you Madam this Iewell, and Pendants.

Arg. O.

Phan. We know not how to deserue these bounties out of so slight merrit, *Asotus.*

Phi. No in faith, but the'rs my Gloue for a fauor.

Phan. And soone after the Reuels I will bestowe a Garter on you.

Asot. O Lord Ladyes, it is more grace then euer I could haue hop'd, but that it pleaseth your Ladyships to extend; I protest it is enough that you but take knowledge of my —— if your Ladiships want embroydered Gownes, Tyres of any Fashion, Rebatus, Iewels, or Carkanets, any thing what soeuer; if you vouchsafe to accept.

Cup. And for it they will helpe you to Shoo-tyes, and deuises.

Asot. I cannot vtter my selfe (*Deare Beauties*) but; you can conceiue——

Arg. O.

Phan. Sir we will acknowledge your seruice doubt not; henceforth you shall be no more *Asotus* to vs, but our *Golde-Finch*, and we your *Cages.*

Hedon. O God Madams, how shall I deserue this? if I were but made acquainted with *Hedon* now; Ile trye: pray you away.

Mer. How he prayes *Money* to go away from him.

Asot. *Amorphus*, a word with you: heeres a *Watch* I would bestowe vpon you, pray you make mee knowne to that Gallant.

Amor. That I will Sir. *Mounsieur Hedon* I must intreate you to exchange knowledge with this Gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis a thing (next to the water we expect) I thirste after Sir. Good *Mounsieur Asotus.*

Asot. Good *Mounsieur Hedon*, I would be glad to bee lou'd of men of your Ranke, and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this payre of Bracelets Sir, they are not worth the bestowing.

Mer. O *Hercules*; how the Gentleman purchases? this must needes bring *Argurion* to a consumption.

Hed. Sir, I shall neuer stand in the merit of such Bounty, I feare.

Asot. O Lord Sir; your acquaintance shall be sufficient. And if at any time you neede my Bill or my Bond.

Arg. O, O. *Argurion swones.*

Amor. Helpe the Lady there.

Moria. Gods deare, *Argurion.* Madam, how do you?

Arg. Sicke.

Phan. Haue her foorth and giue her ayre.

Asot. I come againe streight Ladyes.

Mer. Well, I doubt all the Phisique he ha's, will scarce recouer her; shee's too farre spent.

Exeunt Asotus, Merus, Argurion.

SCENA. 4.

Anaides. Gelaia. Cos. Prosaites. Philautia. Phantaste. Moria. Amorphus. Hedon.

Phi. O heer's the *Water* come: fetche Glasses Page.

Gelaia. Heart of my body heeres a coyle indeed with your Ielous humors. Nothing but *Whore*, and *Bitch*, and all the villan-

villanous ſwaggering names you can thinke on? 'Slid take your Bottle, and put it in your guttes for me, Ile ſee you poxt ere I follow you any longer?

Anai. Nay good *Punke*, ſweete Raſcall; damne me if I am Iealous now.

Gelaia. That's true indeed, pray lets goe.

Moria. What's the matter there?

Gelaia. Slight he has me vpon Intergatories, (nay my Mother ſhall know how you vſe me) *Where I haue beene?* and *Why I ſhould ſtay ſo long?* and *how iſt poſſible?* and with-all calles me at his pleaſure; I knowe not how many *Cocatrices*, and things.

Moria. In truth and ſadneſſe, theſe are no good Epithites *Anaides*: to beſtow vpon any Gentlewoman; and (Ile enſure you) if I had knowne you would haue dealt thus with my Daughter, ſhe ſhould neuer haue fancied you ſo deeply, as ſhe has doone. Goe too.

Anai. Why doe you heare Mother *Moria*. Heart.

Moria. Nay I pray you Sir doe not ſweare.

Anai. Sweare? why? Sblood I haue ſworne afore now I hope. Both you and your daughter miſtake me; I haue not honor'd *Arete* that is helde the worthyeſt Lady in the Court (next to *Cynthia*) with halfe that obſeruance and reſpect, as I haue doone her in priuate, howſoeuer outwardly I haue caried my ſelfe careleſſe and negligent. Come you are a fooliſh *Punke*, and know not when you are well employde. Kiſſe me. Come on. Do it I ſay.

Moria. Nay, indeed I muſt confeſſe ſhe is apt too miſpriſion. But I muſt haue you leaue it Minion. Enter *Aſotus*.

Amor. How now *Aſotus*? how do's the Lady?

Aſot. Fayth ill. I haue left my Page with her at her lodging.

Hed. O heer's the rareſt *Water* that euer was taſted; fill him ſome.

Proſai. What! has my Maiſter a new Page?

Mer. Yes a kinſman of the Lady *Morias:* you muſt waite better now, or you are caſheer'd *Proſaites.*

Anai. Come Gallants; you muſt pardon my fooliſh humor, when I am angry, that any thing croſſes me, I grow impatient ſtreight. Here I drinke to you.

Phi. O that we had fiue or ſixe Bottles more of this liquor.

Pha. Now I commend your iudgement *Amorphus:* who's that knockes? looke Page.

Moria. O moſt delicious, a little of this would make *Arguri-on* well.

Pha. O no giue her no colde drinke by any meanes.

Anai. Sblood, this water is the ſpirit of Wine, Ile be hangd elſe.

Cup. Heeres the Lady *Arete* Madam.

SCENA. 5.

Arete. Phantaſte. Philautia. Moria. Anaides. Gelaia. Cos. Proſaites. Amorphus. Aſotus. Hedon. Mercury. Cupid.

Arete. What at your *Beuer* Gallants?

Moria. Wilt pleaſe your Lady-ſhipp drinke, tis of the new fountaine water.

Arete. Not I, *Moria*; I thanke you: Gallants you muſt prouide for ſome ſolemne Reuels to night, *Cynthia* is minded to come foorth, and grace your ſports with her preſence; therefore I could wiſh there were ſome thing extraordinary to entertaine her.

Amo. What ſay you to a Maſque?

Hed. Nothing better, if the Inuention or Proiect were new and rare.

Arete. Why, Ile ſend for *Criticus*, and haue his aduiſe; you will be ready in your indeuours;

Pha. Yes; but will not your Lady-ſhip ſtay?

Arete. Not now *Phantaſte.* *Exit.*

Phi.

Phi. Let her go, I pray you; good Lady *Sobriety*, I am glad we are rid of her.

Pha. What a set Face the gentlewoman has, as she were still going to a Sacrifice?

Phi. O shee is the extraction of a dozen of Puritans, for a looke.

Moria Of all Nimphs i'the Court I cannot away with her: 'tis the coursest thing——

Phi. I wounder how *Cynthia* can affect her so aboue the rest! Heere be they are euery way as faire as she, and a thought, fayrer, I trow.

Pha. I, and as ingenious, and conceipted as she.

Moria. I and as politique as she, for all she sets such a Forehead on't.

Phi. Would I were dead if I would change to bee *Cynthia*.

Pha. Or I.

Moria. Or I.

Amor. And there's her Minion *Criticus*; why his aduise more then *Amorphus?* haue I not Inuention, afore him? Learning, to better that Inuention, aboue him? and Trauaile.——

Anai. Death, what talke you of his Learning? he vnderstands no more then a schoole-Boy; I haue put him downe my selfe a thousand times (by this Ayre) and yet I neuer talkt with him but twise in my life; you neuer saw his like: I could neuer get him to argue with me, but once, and then because I could not construe a peece of *Horace* at first sighte, he went awaye and laught at mee. By Gods will, I scorne him, as I do the sodden Nimph that was heere euen now; his mistris *Arete*: And I loue my selfe for nothing else.

Hed. I wonder the Fellow doe's not hang himselfe, being thus scorn'd, and contemn'd of vs that are held the most accomplisht Society of Gallants!

Mer. By your selues none else.

Hed. I protest, if I had no Musique in me, no Courtship;

that I were not a Reueller and could daunce, or had not those excellent qualities that giue a man Life, and Perfection, but a meere poore Scholler as he is, I thinke I should make some desperate way with my selfe; whereas now (would I might neuer breath more) if I do know that Creature in this kingdome, with whome I would change.

Cup. This is excellent: well I must alter this soone.

Mer. Looke you do *Cupid.*

Asot. O I shall tickle it soone; I did neuer appeare till then. Slid I am the neatliest-made Gallant i'the company, & haue the best presence; and my dauncing —— I know what the Vsher saide to me the last time I was at the schoole; would I might leade *Philautia* in the measure, and 'tweere gods will. I am most worthy, I am sure. *Enter Morus.*

Morus. Maister I can tell you newes, the Lady kist me yonder, and plaid with me; and sayes she lou'd you once, as well as she do's me, but that you cast her of.

Asot. Peace *my most esteemed Page.*

Morus. Yes.

Amor. Gallants, thinke vpon your Time, and take it by the forehead; *Anaides*, we must mixe this gentleman with you in acquaintance. *Mounsieur Asotus.*

Anai. I am easily intreated to grace any of your friends, *Amorphus.*

Asot. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you Sir. Nay I begin to know my selfe now.

Amor. O, you must continue your Bounties.

Asot. Must I? why ile giue him this *Ruby* on my finger.

Hed. Come Ladies; but stay we shall want one to Lady it in our Masque in place of *Argurion.*

Anai. Why my page shall do it, *Gelaia.*

Hed. Troth and he'le do it well, it shalbe so. *Exeunt.*

Asot. Do you heere Sir, I do hartely wish your acquaintance, and I partly know my selfe worthy of it; please you Sir, to accept this poore *Ruby* in a Ring Sir. The Poesie is of my

owne

owne deuise. *Let this blush for me Sir.*

Anai. So it must for me, too. For I am not asham'd to take it. *Exit.*

Morus. Sweete man, by my troath maister I loue you; will you loue me to? for my Aunts sake? Ile waite well you shall see, Ile still be heere. Would I might neuer stirre, but you are in gay clothes.

Aset. As for that *Morus*, thou shalt see more here after, in the meane time, by this Ayre, or by this Fether, ile do as much for thee as any Gallant shall do for his Page whatsoeuer, *in this Court, corner of the World, or Kingdome.* *Exeunt.*

Mercury. I wounder this gentleman should affect to keepe a *Foole*, mee thinkes he makes sport enough with him selfe.

Cup. Well *Prosaites* tweere good you did waite closer.

Pro. I, Ile looke to it; 'tis time.

Cos. Wee are like to haue sumptuous Reuells to night Sirs.

Mer. We must needes when all the choisest *Singularities* of the Court are vp in *Pantofles*, nere a one of them, but is able to make a whole shew of it selfe.

Hed. Sirah a Torch, a torch. Hedon within.

Mercury. O what a call is there? I will haue a *Canzonet* made with nothing in it but *Straw*, and the Burthen shalbe. *I come.*

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENA. 6.

Arete. Criticus.

Crit. ——. A masque, bright *Arete*?
Why tweere a labour more for *Hercules*.
Better, and sooner durst I vndertake:
To make the different seasons of the Yeere,

The

The Windes, or Elements to sympathize;
Then their vnmeasurable vanity
Daunce truely in a measure: They agree?
What though all Concord's borne of Contraries?
So many Follies will confusion prooue,
And like a sort of iarring Instruments,
All out of tune; because (indeed) we see
There is not that *Analogy* twixt Discords,
As betweene things but meerely opposite.

Aret. There is your error; for as *Hermes* wande
Charmes the disorders, of tumultuous Ghosts,
And as the strife of *Chaos* then did cease,
When better light then Natures did arriue;
So, what could neuer in it selfe agree,
Forgetteth the eccentrick property,
And at her sight turnes foorthwith regular,
Whose scepter guides the flowing *Ocean:*
And though it did not, yet the most of them
(Being eyther Courtiers, or not wholy rude)
Respect of *Maiesty*, the *Place*, and *Presence*,
Will keepe them within Ring; especially
When they are not presented as themselues,
But masqu'd like others: for (in troth) not so
T'incorporate them, could be nothing else
Then like a State vngouern'd, without lawes; or
A body made of nothing but diseases;
The one, through impotencie poore, and wretched;
The other for the *Anarchy* absurd.

Crit. But Lady, for the *Reuellers* themselues;
It would be better (in my poore conceipt,)
That others were imploy'd; for such as are
Vnfit to be in *Cynthias* Court, can seeme
No lesse vnfit to be in *Cynthias* sports.

Aret. That is not done (my *Criticus*) without
Particular knowledge of the Goddesse minde;
Who (holding true intelligence, what Follyes

Had

Had crept into her *Pallace*) she resolu'd,
Of sports, and Triumphs; vnder that pretext,
To haue them muster in their Pompe and Fulnesse:
That so she might more strictly, and to roote,
Effect the Reformation she intends.
Crit. I now conceiue her heauenly drift in all;
And will apply my spirits to serue thy will:
O thou, the very power by which I am;
And but for which, it were in vaine to be;
Chiefe next *Diana*, Virgin, heauenly fayre,
Admired *Arete*, (of them admir'd
Whose soules are not enkindled by the sence)
Disdeigne not my chast fire, but feed the flame
Deuoted truely to thy gracious name.
Arete, Leaue to suspect vs: *Criticus* shall finde
As we are now most deare, weele prooue most kinde.
Arete Within.
Arete. Harke, I am cald. *Exit.*
Crit. I follow instantly,
Phœbus Apollo: if with ancient Rites,
And due Deuotions, I haue euer hung
Elaborate *Paans* on thy golden Shrine,
Or sung thy Triumphs in a lofty straine;
Fit for a Theater of *Gods* to heare:)
And thou the other sonne of mighty *Ioue*
Cyllenian Mercury! (sweete *Maias* ioye)
If in the busie tumults of the minde,
My path thou euer hast illumined:
For which, thine Altars I haue oft perfum'de,
And deckt thy Statue with discoulored flowers:
Now thriue Inuention in this glorious Court,
That not of bounty only, but of right,
Cynthia may grace, and giue it life by sight. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

SCENA. 1.

Hesperus. Cynthia. Arete. TymE. Phronesis. Thauma.

Hymnus.

Hesp. QVeene *and* Huntresse, *chaste, and fayre,*
Now the Sunne *is layde to sleepe,*
Seated, in thy siluer Chayre,
State in wonted maner keepe:
Hesperus *intreats thy light,*
Goddesse excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy enuious shade
Dare it selfe to interpose;
Cynthias *shining Orbe was made*
Heauen to cleare, when day did close:
Blesse vs then with wished sight,
Goddesse excellently bright.

Lay thy Bowe of Pearle apart.
And thy Christall-shining Quiuer;
Giue vnto the flying Hart,
Space to breath, how short soeuer.
Thou, that makst a day of night,
Goddesse excellently Bright. Exit.

Cynth. When hath *Diana*, like an enuious wretch,
That glitters onely to his soothed selfe,

Denying

Denying to the world the precious vse
Of hoorded wealth, with-held her friendly ayde?
Mon'thly we spend our still-repaired shine,
And not forbid our Virgin-waxen torch,
To burne, and blaze while nutriment doth last:
That once consum'd, out of *Ioues* treasury
Anew we take, and stick it in our Spheare
To giue the mutinous kinde of wanting men,
Their lookt for light. Yet what is their desert?
„ Bounty is wrongd, interpreted as due;
„ Mortalls can chalenge not a Ray but right,
„ Yet do exspect the whole of *Cynthias* light:
But if that Deities with-drew their guifts,
For humane Follies, what should men deserue
But *Death* and *Darknesse*? It behooues the high,
For their owne sakes to do things worthely.

Arete. Most true, most sacred goddesse; for the Heauens
Receiue no good of all the good they do:
Nor *Ioue*, nor you, nor other heauenly Power,
Are fed with Fumes, which do from Incense rise,
Or Sacrifices reeking in their gore:
Yet for the care which you of mortalls haue,
(Whose proper Good it is, that they be so;)
You well are pleas'd with Odours redolent:
But ignorant is all the Race of men,
Which still complaines, not knowing why, or when.

Cyn. Else noble *Arete*, they would not blame,
And taxe for or vniust, or for as proud
Thy *Cynthia*, in the things which are indeed
The greatest glories in our starry crowne:
Such is our Chastity, which safely scornes,
Not Loue (for who more feruently doth loue
Immortall Honor, and diuine Renowne?)
But giddy *Cupid*, *Venus* frantick sonne.
Yet *Arete*, if by this vayled light

We but discouer'd (what we not discerne)
Any the least of imputations, stand
Ready to sprinkle our vnspotted fame,
With note of lightnesse, from these Reuels neare:
Not, for the Empire of the *Vniuerse*
Should Night or Court, this whatsoeuer shine
Or grace of ours, vnhappely enioy.
„ *Place*, and *Occasion* are two priuy Thieues;
„ And from poore innocent Ladies, often steale
„ (The best of things) an honourable Name:
„ To stay with Follyes, or where Faults may be,
„ Infers a Crime, although the party free.
Aret. How *Cynthianly* (that is how worthely
And like her selfe) the matchlesse *Cynthia* speakes!
Infinite Iealousies, infinite Reguards,
Do watch about the true virginity:
But *Phœbe* liues from all not onely fault,
But as from thought, so from suspicion free,
„ Thy Presence broad-seales our delights for pure,
„ What's done in *Cynthias* sight, is done secure.
Cynt. That then so answer'd (Deareſt *Arete*)
What th' *Argument*, or of what sort, our Sports
Are like to be this night; I not demaund.
Nothing which Duty, and desire to please
Beares written in the forehead, comes amisse;
But vnto whose Inuention, must we owe,
The complement of this nights furniture?
Aret. Excellent *Goddesse*, to mans, whose worth,
(Without *Hyperbole*,) I thus may praise;
One (at least) studious, of deseruing well:
And (to speake truth) indeed deseruing well,
„ Potentiall merit stands for actuall,
„ Where only *Opportunity* dooth want,
„ Not Will, nor Power: both which in him abound.
One whom the *Muses*, and *Minerua* loue;
For whom should they more loue then *Critians*,

Whom

Whom *Phœbus* (though not Fortune) holdeth deare?
And (which conuinceth excellence in him,)
A principall admirer of your selfe:
Euen, through th'vngentle iniuries of Fate,
And difficulties, which do vertue choake,
Thus much of him appeares. What other things
Of farther note, do lye vnborne in him,
Them I do leaue for cherishment to shew.
And for a *Goddesse* graciously to iudge.

Cynt. We haue already iudg'd him *Arete:*
Nor are we ignorant, how noble mindes
Suffer too much through those indignities,
Which Times, and vicious Persons cast on them:
Our selfe haue euer vowed to esteeme
(As Vertue, for it selfe) so Fortune, base;
Who first in Worth, the same be first in Place.
Nor farther notice (*Arete*) we craue
Then thine approualls soueraigne warranty:
Let, be thy care, to make vs knowne to him;
Cynthia shall brighten what the World made dim.

SCENA. 2. THE FIRST MASQVE.

Cupid like *Anteros*.

Ante. *Cleare Pearle of* Heauen, *and not to be farther ambitious in titles*) Cynthia. *The fame of this illustrious night, among others hath also drawne these foure faire Virgins from the Pallace of their Queene* Perfection (*a word, which makes no sufficient difference, twixt hers, and thine*) *to visit thy Imperiall Court: for she their Soueraigne Lady, not finding where to dwel among men, before her returne to heauen: aduised them wholy to consecrate themselues to thy Cœlestiall seruice, As in whose cleare Spirit (the proper Element, and Sphare of vertues) they should behould not her alone, (their euer honor'd Mistresse) but themselues) more truely themselues) to liue en-*

throniſed. Her ſelfe would haue commended them vnto thy fauour more particularly, but that ſhe knowes no commendation is more auailable with thee then that of proper vertue: Neuertheleſſe, ſhe wilde them to preſent this Chriſtall Mound, a note of Monarchy, and Symbole of Perfection, to thy more worthy Deity; which as heere by me they moſt humbly do, ſo amongſt the Rarities thereof, that is the chiefe, to ſhew whatſoeuer the world hath excellent, howſoeuer remote and various. But your irradiate iudgement will ſoone diſcouer the ſecrets of this little Chriſtall world. Themſelues (to appeare the more plainly) becauſe they know nothing more odious then falſe pretexts: haue choſen to expreſſe their ſeuerall qualities thus in ſeuerall coulors.

1 The firſt in Citron coullour is naturall Affection, which giuen vs to procure our good, is ſometime called Storge, and as euery one is neereſt to himſelfe, ſo this Hand-maid of Reaſon, allowable Selfe-loue, as it is without harme, ſo are none without it: Her place in the Court of Perfection was to quicken mindes in the purſuite of Honor. Her deuice is a Perpendicular Leuell vpon a Cube or Square. The word, SE SVO MODVLO: alluding to that true meaſure of ones ſelfe, which as euery one ought to make, ſo is it moſt conſpicuous in thy diuine example.

2 The ſecond in Greene is Aglaia, delectable and pleaſant Conuerſation, whoſe property it is to moone a kindly delight, and ſometime not without laughter: Her office to entertaine aſſemblies, and keepe ſocieties together with fayre familliarity. Her deuice within a Ring of clouds, a Heart with ſhine about it, the worde, CVR ARVM NVBILA PELLO. An Allegory of Cynthias light, which no leſſe cleares the Skie, then her fayre Mirtheth: heart.

3 The third, in diſcoul:ur'd Mantle-ſpangled all ouer, is Euphantaſte, a well conceited Wittineſſe, and imployde in honouring the Courte with the ritches of her pure Inuention. Her deuice vpon a Petaſus, or Mercuriall Hat, a Creſcent. The worde; SIC LAVS INGENII: Inferring that the praiſe and glory of

wit,

Wit, doth euer increase, as doth thy growing Moone.

4 *The fourth in White is* Apheleia, *a Nymph as pure and simple as the Soule, or as an abrase Table, and is therefore called* Simplicity; *without foulds, without pleights, without coullour, without counterfeit: and (to speake plainely) Plaineuesse it selfe. Her deuice is no Deuice. The word vnder her siluer Shield:* OMNIS ABEST FVCVS, *alluding to thy spotlesse selfe, who art as farre from Impurity, as from Mortality.*

My selfe (Cœlestiall Goddesse) more fit for the Court of Cynthia, *then the Arbors of* Cythere, *am call'd* Anteros, *or* Loues enemy; *the more welcome therefore to thy Court, and the fitter to conduct this* Quaternio, *who as they are thy professed Votaries, and for that cause aduersaries to* Loue, *yet thee (Perpetuall* Virgin*) they both loue, and vow to loue eternally.*

SCENA. 3.

Cynthia. Arete. Criticus.

Cynthia. Not without wounder, nor with out delight,
Mine eyes haue veiwd in Contemplations depth,
This worke of wit, diuine, and excellent:
What Shape? what Substance? or what vnknowne Power
In virgins habit crown'd with Lawrell leaues
And Oliue branches wouen in betweene,
On Sea-girt Rocke like to a *Goddesse* shines?
O front! O face! O all celestiall sure
And more then mortall! *Arete*, behould
Another *Cynthia*, and another Queene,
Whose glory (like a lasting *Plenilune*)
Seems ignorant of what it is to wane.
Not vnder heauen an Obiect could be found
More fit to please; let *Criticus* approach.

Bounty

Bounty forbids to paull our thankes with ſtay,
Or to deferre our fauour after view:
„ The time of Grace is, when the Cauſe is new.
Arete. Lo heere the man (cœleſtiall *Delia*)
Who (like a Circle bounded in it ſelfe,)
Containes aſmuch, as Man in fulneſſe may.
Lo here the man; who, not of vſuall earth,
But of that nobler, and more precious mould
Which *Phœbus* ſelfe doth temper, is compoſ'd;
And, who (though all were wanting to reward,
Yet, to himſelfe he would not wanting be:
Thy Fauors gaine is his Ambitions moſt,
And labours beſt; who (humble in his height)
Stands fixed ſilent in thy glorious ſight.
Cynthia. With no leſſe pleaſure, then we haue beheld,
This pretious Chriſtall, worke of rareſt wit,
Our eye doth reade thee, now, our *Criticus*;
Whom Learning, Vertue, and our Fauour laſt,
Exempteth from the gloomy Multitude.
„ With common eye the Supreme ſhould not ſee,
Hence forth be ours, the more thy ſelfe to be.
Crit. Heauens pureſt light, whoſe Orbe may be eclipſ'd,
But not thy Praiſe; (diuineſt *Cynthia*)
How much too narrow for ſo high a grace,
Thy (ſaue therein) vnworthy *Criticus*:
Doth finde himſelfe? for euer ſhine thy Fame;
Thine Honours euer, as thy Beauties do;
In me they muſt, my darke worldes chiefeſt Lights;
By whoſe propitious beames my powres are raiſ'd
To hope ſome part of thoſe moſt lofty points,
Which bleſſed *Arete* hath pleaſ'd to name
As markes, which my'ndeuors ſteps ſhould bend:
Mine, as begunne at thee, in thee muſt end.

SCENA.

SCENA. 4. THE SECOND MASQVE.

Mercury as a Page.

Mer. *Sister of* Phœbus *to whose bright Orbe we owe, that we not complaine of his Absence; These foure Brethren (for they are Brethrē and sonnes of* Eutaxia, *a Lady knowne, and highly belou'd of your resplendent Deity) not able to be absent, when* Cynthia *held a solempnity, officiously insinuate themselues into thy presence: For as there are foure Cardinall vertues, vpon which the whole Frame of the Court dooth moone, so are these the foure Cardinall properties without which the Body of Complement mooneth not. With these foure siluer Iauelins (which they beare in their hands) they support in Princes Courts the state of the Presence, as by office they are obliged; which though heere they may seeme superfluous, yet for Honors sake they thus presume to visite thee, hauing also bin imployde in the Pallace of Queene* Perfection. *And though to them, that would make themselues gratious to a Goddesse,* Sacrifices *were fitter then Presents or* Impresses, *yet they both hope thy fauor, and (in place of eyther) vse seuerall* Symboles *containing the titles of thy imperiall Dignity.*

1 *The hithermost in the changeable blew, and greene Roabe, is the commendably-fashionate Gallant* Eucosmos; *whose Courtly Habit is the grace of the Presence, and delight of the surueying eye: whom Ladies vnderstand by the names of* Neate, & Elegant. *His* Symbol *is* DIVÆ VIRGINI, *in which he would expresse thy Deities principall glory, which hath euer bin* Virginity.

2 *The second in the ritch Acoutrement, and Roabe of Purple empaled with Gold, is* Eupathes; *who intertaines his minde with an harmlesse, but not incurious variety: All the Obiects of his sences are Sumptuous, himselfe a Gallant, that without excesse can make vse of superfluities: goe ritchly in Imbroyders, Iewels, (and what not?) without Vanity; and fare delicately without Gluttony: and therefore (not without cause) is vniuersally thought to be of* fine humor. *His* Sym-

bole is *DIVÆ OPTIMÆ. An attribute to expresse thy* Goodnesse *in which thou so resemblest* Ioue *thy father.*

3. *The third in the blush-colloured Sute is* Eutolmos, *as duly respecting others, as neuer neglecting himselfe; commonly knowne by the title of* Good Audacitie, *to Courts and courtly assemblies, a guest most acceptable. His* Simbole *is DIVÆ VIRAGINI, To expresse thy* hardy Courage, *in chase of Sauage beasts which harbor in Woods, and Wildernesse.*

4. *The fourth in Watchet-Tinsell, is the kinde, and truly Benefique* Eucolos. *Who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficulty: and hath the happinesse to make euery kindnesse seeme double, by the timely, and freely bestowing thereof, he is the chiefe of them who (by the vulgar) are said to be of* Good Nature. *His* Symbole *is DIVÆ MAXIMÆ, An Adiunct to signifie thy* greatnesse, *which in heauen, earth, and hell is formidable.*

SCENA. 5. THE MASQVES Ioyne.

Cupid, Mercury.

Cup. Is not that *Amorphus* the Trauceller?

Mer. As though it were not? do you not see how his legges are in trauaile with a Measure?

Cup. Hedon, thy maister is next.

Mer. What will *Cupid* turne *Nomenclator*, and cry them?

Cup. No faith, but I haue a *Comedy* toward, that would not be lost for a kingdome.

Mer. In good time, for *Cupid* will prooue the *Comedy*.

Cup. Mercury, I am studying how to match them.

Mer. How too mismatch them, were harder.

Cup. It is the *Nymphes* must do it, I shall sport my selfe with their passions aboue measure.

Mer. Those *Nymphes* would be tam'd a little indeed, but I feare thou hast not Arrowes for the purpose.

Cup. O yes, here be of all sorts, Flightes, Rouers, and Butshafts. But I can wound with a Brandish, and neuer draw Bow for the matter.

Mer.

Mer. I cannot but beleeue it my inuisible Archer, and yet me thinkes you are tedious.

Cup. It behoues me to be somewhat circumspect *Mercury*, for if *Cynthia* here the twange of my Bow, sheele go neare to whip me with the string; therefore, to preuent that, I thus discharge a Brandish vpon —— it makes no matter which of the couples: *Phantaste*, and *Amorphus* at you.

Mer. Will the shaking of a shaft, strike'hem into such a Feuer of Affection?

Cup. As well as the winke of an Eye: but I pray thee hinder me not with thy prattle.

Mer. *Ioue* forbid I hinder thee. Marry all that I feare is *Cynthias* presence, which with the could of her Chastety, casteth such an *Antiperistasis* about the place, that no heate of thine will tarry with the Patient.

Cup. It wil tarry the rather, for the *Antiperistasis* wil keep it in.

Mer. I long to see the experiment.

Cup. Why their marrow boyles already, or they are all turnd *Eunuchs*.

Mer. Nay and't be so, Ile glue ouerspeaking, & be a *Spectator* onely.

They daunce the 1. Straine.

Amor. *Cynthia* (by my bright soule) is a right exquisite, and spendidious Lady; yet *Amorphus* I thinke hath seene more fashions, I am sure more Countries; but whether I haue or no: what need we gaze on *Cynthia*, that haue our selfe to admire?

Phan. O excellent *Cynthia*; yet if *Phantaste* sat where shee do's, and had such a tyre on her head (for attire can do much) I say no more; but *Goddesses* are *Goddesses*, and *Phantaste* is as she is. I would the Reuels were done once, I might goe to my Schoole of Glasse againe, and learne to do my selfe right after all this Ruffling.

Mer. How now *Cupid*? heer's a wonderfull change with your Brandish? do you not heare, how they doate?

Cup. What Prodigie is this? no Word of Loue? no Mention? no Motion?

Mer. Not a word my little *Hell-fire*, not a worde.

Cup. Are my Darts enchanted? is their vigor gone? Is their vertue——

Mer. What? *Cupid* turn'd iealous of himselfe? ha, ha, ha.

Cup. Laughes *Mercury*?

Mer. Is *Cupid* angry?

Cup. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

Mer. A rare *Comedy*, it shall be intitled; *Cupids*.

Cup. Doe not scorne vs *Hermes*.

Mer. Chollar and *Cupid* are two fiery things; I scorne 'hem not. But I see that come to passe which I presag'd in the beginning.

Cup. You cannot tell: perhaps the Phisicke will not worke so soone vpon some, as vpon others. It may be the Rest are not so resty.

Mer. *Ex vngue*, you know the olde *Adage*; as these, so are the remainder.

Cup. Ile trye: this is the same Shafte with which I wounded *Argurion*.

Mer. I, but let me saue you a labour *Cupid*: there were certaine Bottles of *Water* fetcht, and drunke off, (since that time,) by these Gallants.

Cup. *Ioue* strike me into earth: *The Fountaine of Selfe-loue*?

Mer. Nay faint not *Cupid*.

Cup. I remembred it not.

Mer. Faith it was omenous to take the name of *Anteros* vpō you, you know not what Charme or Inchantment lyes in the worde: you saw I durst not venter vpon any Deuise in our presentment: but was content to be no other then a simple Page. Your Arrowes properties (to keepe *decorum*) *Cupid*, are suted (it should seeme) to the nature of him you personate.

Cup. Indignity not to be borne.

Mer. Nay rather an attempt to haue bin forborne.

Cup. How might I reuenge my selfe on this insulting *Mercury*? ther's *Criticus* his Minnion: he has not tasted of this water? it shall be so.

They daunce the 2. straine.

Is *Criticus* turn'd Dotard on himselfe too?

Mer.

Mer. That followes not, because the venome of your shafts cannot pierce him.

Cup. As though there were one *Antidote* for these, & another for him?

Mer. As though there were not? or as if one Effect might not arise of diuerse causes? what say you to *Cynthia*, *Arete*, *Phronesis*, *TimE*, and others there?

Cup. They are diuine.

Mer. And *Criticus* aspires to be so.

Cup. But that shall not serue him.

Mer. 'Tis like to do prettily well at this time. But *Cupid* is growne too couetous, that will not spare one of a Multitude.

Cup. One is more then a Multitude.

Mer. *Aretes* fauour makes any one shot proofe against thee *Cupid*.

They daunce the 3. straine.

I pray thee light Hony-Bee, remember thou art not now in *Adonis* garden, but in *Cynthias* presence, where thornes lye in garrison about the Roses. Soft *Cynthia* speakes.

Cynthia. Ladyes and gallants,
To giue a timely period to our sports,
Let vs conclude them, with declining night;
Our Empire is but of the darker halfe:
And if you iudge it any recompence;
For your faire paines, t'haue earnd *Dianas* thanks;
Diana grants them: and bestowes their crowne
To gratefie your acceptable Zeale.
For you are they, that not (as some haue done)
Do censure vs, as too *seuere*, and *sower*,
But as (more rightly) *Gratious* to the Good;
Although we not deny, vnto the Proud,
Or the Prophane, perhaps indeed austere:
For so *Actæon* by presuming farre,
Did (to our griefe) incurre a fatall doome,
And so, swolne *Niobe* (comparing more
Then he presum'd) was *trophæed* into stone.
But are we therefore iudged too extreame?
Seemes it no Crime to enter sacred Bowers,

And hallowed Places with impure aſpect
Moſt lewdly to pollute? Seemes it no crime,
To braue a Deity? let Mortalls learne
To make Religion of offending Heauen;
And not at all to cenſure powers diuine:
To Men, this *Argument* ſhould ſtand for firme,
„ A Goddeſſe did it; therefore it was good:
„ We are not cruell, nor delight in blood.
But what haue ſerious Repetitions
To do with Reuels, and the ſports of Court?
We not intend to ſowre your late delights
With harſh expoſtulation; Let ſuffice
That we take notice, and can take reuenge
Of theſe calumnious, and lewd Blaſphemies;
For we are no leſſe *Cynthia*, then we were,
Nor is our Power (but as our Selfe) the ſame:
Though we haue now put on no tyre of ſhine
But mortall eyes vndazled may endure.
„ Yeares, are beneath the Sphears; and Time makes weake,
„ Things vnder Heauen; not Powers which gouerne Heauen:
And though our Selfe be in our ſelfe, ſecure,
Yet let not mortalls challenge to themſelues
Immunity from thence; Loe this is all:
„ Honor hath ſtore of ſpleene, but wanteth Gall.
Once more, we caſt the ſlumber of our thankes
On your tane toyle, which here let take an end:
And that we not miſtake your ſeuerall worths,
Nor you our Fauour; from your ſelues remooue,
What makes you not your ſelues; thoſe clouds of Maſque:
„ Particular paines, particular thankes do aske.

They Vnmaſque.

—Are we contemn'd?
Is there ſo little awe of our Diſdeigne,
That any (vnder truſt of their diſguiſe)
Should mixe themſelues with others of the Court?
And (without forhead) bouldly preſſe ſo farre,
As farther none? How apt is *Lenity*

To be abusd? *Security* to be loath'd?
And yet, how much more dooth the seeming Face
Of neighbor Vertues, and their borrowed Names,
Adde of lewd Bouldnesse to loose Vanities?
Who would hane thought that *Philautia* durst,
Or haue vsurped noble *Storge's* name?
Or with that theft haue ventred on our eyes?
Who would haue thought that all of them should hope,
So much of our conniuence, as to come
To grace themselues, with Titles not their owne?
Insteed of Medicines haue we Maladies?
And such Impostumes, as *Phantaste* is,
Grow in our Pallace? we must lance these sores,
Or all will putrifie: Nor are these all,
For we suspect a farder fraud then this;
Take off our vaile, that shadows may depart,
And shapes appeare, beloued *Arete*. So.
Another Face of things presents it selfe
Then did of late: what? Featherd *Cupid* masqu'd?
And masqu'd like to *Anteros*? but, more strange!
Deare *Mercury* our Brother, like a Page,
To countenance the ambush of the Boy?
Nor endeth our discouery as yet;
Gelaia like a Nymph, that but ere while
(In male attire,) did serue *Anaides*?
Cupid came hether to finde sport and Game,
Who, heere tofore hath beene too conuersant
Among our traine; but neuer felt Reuenge:
And *Mercury* bare *Cupid* company:
Cupid, we must confesse this Time of mirth
(Proclaimd by vs) gaue Opportunity,
To thy attempts, although no Priuiledge;
Tempt vs no farther, we cannot endure
Thy presence longer: Vanish, Hence, Away. *Exit Cupid.*
You *Mercury*, we must intreate to stay,
And heare what we determine of the rest;
For in this Plot, you haue the deepest hand:

But (for we meane not a Censorian tasque
And yet to lance these vlcers growne so ripe)
Deare *Arete*, and *Criticus*, to you
Wee giue the charge; Impose what paines you please:
Th'incurable cut of, the rest reforme;
Remembring euer what we first decreed,
Since Reuels were proclaimd, Let now none bleede.

Arete. How well *Diana* can distinguish Times?
And sort her Censures? keeping to her selfe
The doome of Gods, leauing the rest to vs?
Come, cite them *Criticus* and then proceede.

Crit. First *Philautia* (for she was the first)
Then light *Gelaia*, in *Aglaias* name,
Thirdly *Phantaste*, and *Maria* next,
Mayne follies all, and of the Female crue;
Amorphus, or *Eucosmos* counterfet,
Voluptuous *Hedon* ta'ne for *Eupathes*,
Brazen *Anaides*, and *Asotus* last,
With his too Pages *Morus*, and *Prosaites*;
And thou the Trauailers Euill, *Cos*, approach,
Impostors all, and male Deformities.

Arete. Nay forward, for I delegate my power,
And will, that at thy mercy they do stand
Whom they so oft, so plainely scornd before:
„ Tis vertue which they want, and wanting it,
„ Honour no garment to their backes can fit.
Now *Criticus*, vse your Discretion.

Crit. Adored *Cynthia*, and bright *Arete*;
Another might seeme fitter for this tasque
Then *Criticus*, but that you iudge not so:
For I (not to appeare vindicatiue,
Or mindfull of Contempts, which I contemn'd
As done of Impotence) must be remisse;
Who as I was the Author in some sort,
To worke their knowledge into *Cynthias* sight,
So should be much seuerer to reuenge

The indignity, hence issuing to her Name:
But ther's not one of these, who are vnpaind,
Or by themselues vnpunished; for Vice
Is like a fury to the vitious minde,
And turnes Delight it selfe to Punishment.
But we must forward to define their Doome;
You are Offenders, that must be confest.
Do you confesse it?

Omnes. We doe.

Crit. And that you merit sharpe Correction?

Omnes. We doe.

Crit. Then we (reseruing vnto *Delias* grace,
Her farther pleasure, and to *Arete*
What *Delia* graunteth) thus do sentence you.
That from this place (for Penance knowne of all,
Since you haue drunke so deeply of *Selfe-loue*)
You (two and two) singing a *Palinode*,
March to your seuerall homes by *Niobes* stone,
And offer vp two teares a piece thereon;
That it may change the name, as you must change,
And of a stone be called *Weeping Crosse*:
Because it standeth crosse of *Cynthias* way,
One of whose names is sacred *TRIVIA*.
And after penance thus perform'd, you passe
In like set order; not as *Midas* did
To wash his Golde off into *Tagus* streame;
But to the Well of Knowledge, *Helicon*,
Where, purged of your present Maladies,
(Which are nor few, nor slender) you become
Such as you faine would seeme; and then returne
Offring your seruice to great *Cynthia*.
This is your Sentence, if the *Goddesse* please
To ratifie it with her high Consent:
The scope of wise Mirth vnto fruit is bent.

Cyn. We do approoue thy Censure *Criticus*;
Which *Mercury*, thy true propitious friend,

(A Deity, next *Ioue*, belou'd of vs,)
Will vndertake to see exactly done.
And for this seruice of Discouery
Perform'd by thee, in honor of our name,
We vow to guerdon it with such due grace,
As shall become our Bountie, and thy Place.
„Princes that would their People should do well,
„Must at themselues begin, as at the heads;
„For men by their example patterne out.
„Their Imitations, and reguard of Lawes:
„A vertuous Court, a world to vertue drawes.

Exeunt, *Cynthia, Arete, &c.*

Palinodia.

Amo. *From Spanish shrugs, French faces, Smirks, Irps, and all affected Humors.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Phan. *From secret friends, sweet Seruants, Loues, Doues, and such Phantastique Humors.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Amor. *From stabbing of Armes, Flap-dragons, Healths, Whiffes, and all such swaggering Humors.*

Chorus. Good *Mercurie* defend vs.

Phan. *From wauing of Fannes, coy Glaunces, Glicks, Cringes, and all such simpring Humors.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Amo. *From making loue by Attourney, courting of Puppets, and paying for new acquaintance.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Phan. *From perfum'd Dogs, Monkeys, Sparrowes, Dildos, and Parachitos.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Amo.

Amo. *From wearing Bracelets of Hayre, Shoo-tyes, Gloues, Garters, and Rings with Poesies.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Phan. *From Pargetting, Painting, Slicking, Glazing, and Renewing old riueld Faces.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Amo. *From Squiring to Tilt-yards, Play-Houses, Pageants, and all such Publique places.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Phan. *From entertaining one Gallant to gull another, and making Fooles of eyther.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Amo. *From Belying Ladyes fauors, Noble-mens countenance, coyning counterfet Imployments, vain-glorious taking to them other mens Seruices, and all* selfe-louing *Humors.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

CANT.

Now each one dry his weeping Eyes,
and to the *Well of Knowledge* haſt;
Where purged of your Maladies,
we may of ſweeter waters taſte:
And with refined voice report,
The Grace of *Cynthia*, and her Court.

Finis Actus quinti & vltimi.

Epilogus.

GEntles, be't knowne to you, since I went in
I am turn'd Rimer; and do thus beginne:
The Author (iealous, how your sence doth take
His trauayles) hath enioyned me to make
Some short, and Ceremonious Epilogue;
But if I yet know what, I am a Rogue:
He ties me to such Lawes, as quite distract
My thoughts; and would a Yeare of time exact.
I neither must be Faint, Remisse, nor Sory,
Sower, Serious, Confident, nor Peremptory:
But betwixt these. Lets see? to lay the blame
Vpon the Childrens Action, that were lame.
To craue your Fauours with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the Writers faculty;
To promise better at the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
Stifly to stand on this, and proudly approoue
The Play, might taxe the Maker of Selfe-loue.
Ile onely speake, what I haue heard him say;
By God 'tis good, and if you lik't, you may.

FINIS.

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.
Hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.